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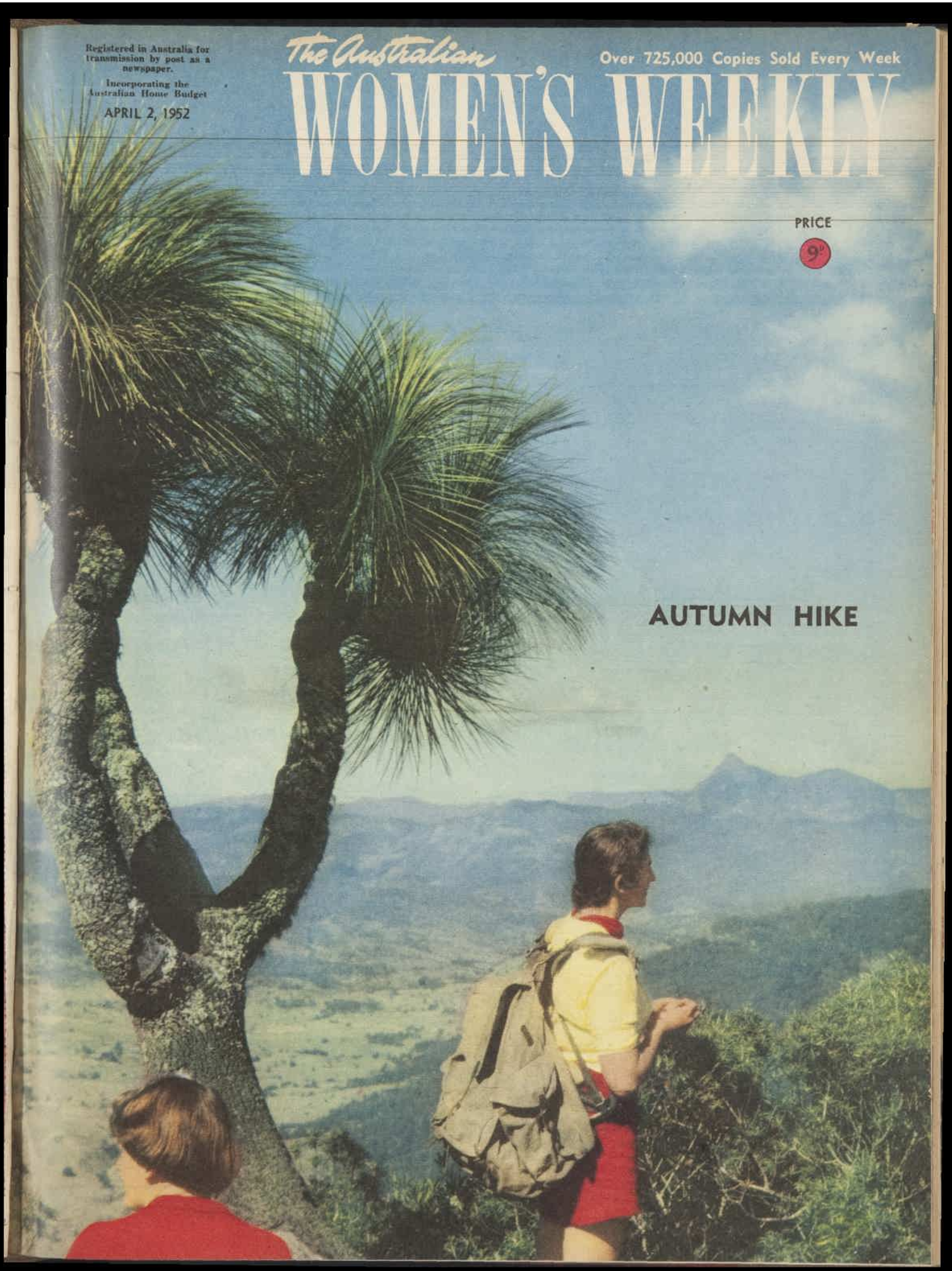

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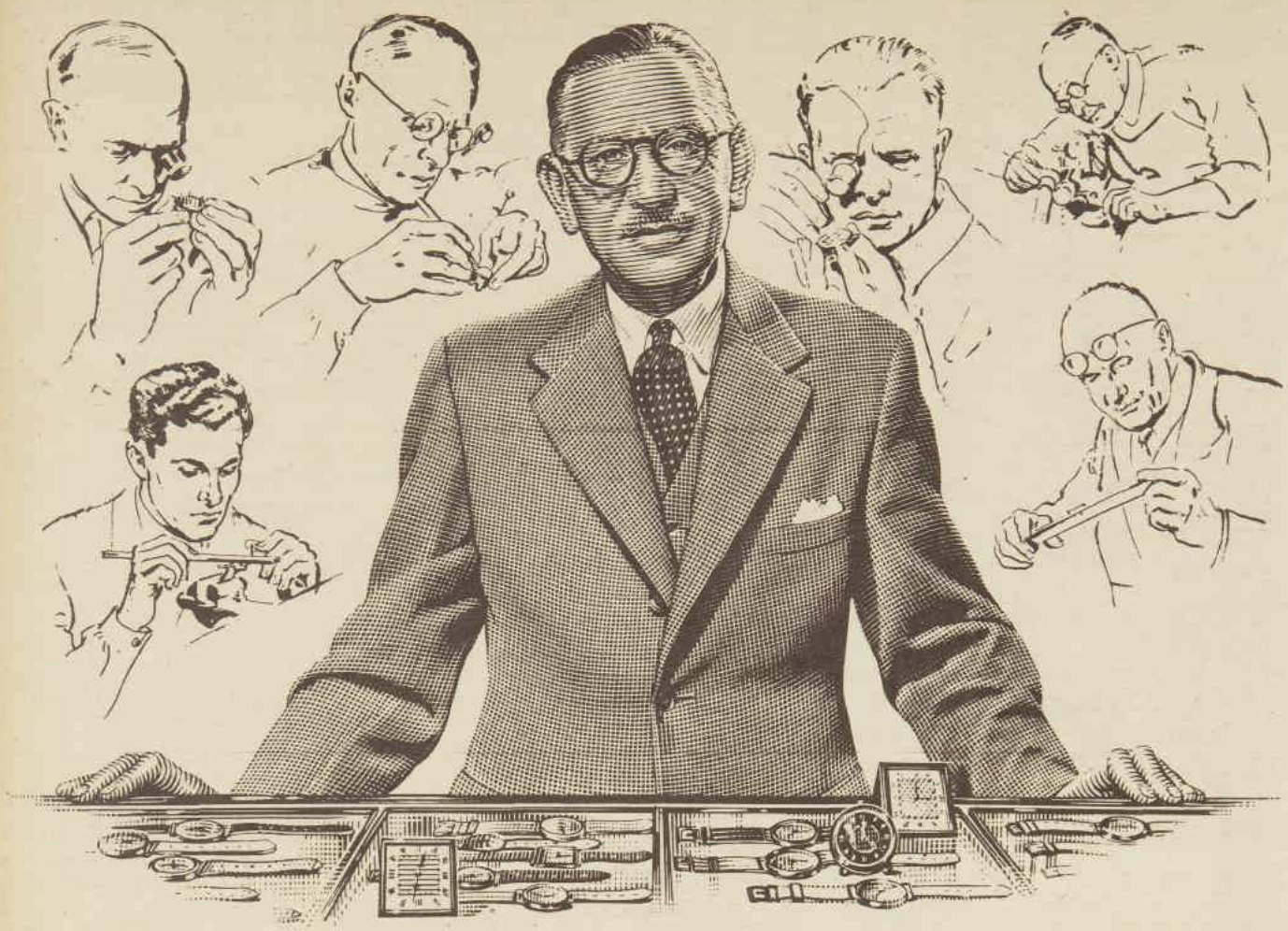

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Never a Fire Bird

A complete short story

By D. K. Findlay

ILLUSTRATED BY TOMPSON

IN the ordinary course of events, Maisie would have become a leading lady and skated to classical music in a white sequin dress. She would have done this but for Tommy Hunter, and that is why sometimes she won't speak to him.

He saw her first in Vancouver, where the Vanities were holding tryouts. Tommy, the manager of the company, saw that she had the buoyancy of great skaters and great dancers.

"I like that very much."

"Thought you would," said Ed Milks, the skating coach. "Her name is Maisie Davis and she's lady champion of British Columbia."

"How is she temperamentally?"

"One of the nicest kids who ever wore skates. And she wants to join the company."

Maisie joined and took her place in the chorus line. She learned to take cracks at Duluth and Minneapolis and other centres when people took cracks at her home town, which was Squamish.

She was as open as a daisy and full of pep and commotion, and bent everyone's ear with tales of how she had spent every spare minute of her time practising her skating on the big rink in her home town, and of the wonders of British Columbia and her two years in a mission hospital.

On the ice she was lovely. Tommy could see a career opening out for her, naturally and inevitably. He thought he knew all about her until an afternoon in Toronto when they put on a show to benefit sick and crippled children.

"I'll do an act if you need one," said Maisie.

"What kind of an act? We like them short and bright for the kids."

"Yes, I know what you want," Maisie said.

Grace La Palma, the star of the Vanities, skated for the children that afternoon. She is one of the best skaters in the world, and handsome. As always, she gave a beautiful performance.

Right after her, Maisie bustled on in red underwear with lumps sewn into it, and immediately took a wonderful fall. The children understood Maisie at once and loved her. She clowned, she was ridiculous. She took terrible bumps, and came off panting while the children screamed for her to come back.

"Where did you learn to do an act like that?" asked Tommy.

"It's my old hospital routine. Kids are the same everywhere, they like you to fall down."

"What old hospital routine?"

"My goodness, haven't you heard I used to be a nurse in a mission hospital up the coast? I thought I'd told everyone about that. I was the one who made them laugh. We had a rink and we put on our own shows—and if you can make a sick child laugh, you're good."

"Would you like to do a comedy act in the show?"

She clouded up. "You said when there was room you'd let me do my Fire Bird number."

Everyone in the company had heard about Maisie's Fire Bird number. According to her, it was a highwater mark for art in the province of British Columbia.

"Listen, every girl in the chorus line will do a Fire Bird or something like it at the drop of a hat. We don't need Fire Birds, we need laughs."

"But it's just clowning."

"It was good clowning—and that, let me tell you, is a rare bird anywhere. We'll cut out one of these beauty spots and put you in a skit."

"I'd rather be a Fire Bird," said Maisie.

Maisie, who was the hardest worker in the company at her figures and free skating, was a most reluctant practitioner of comedy. She went through some routines in a padded suit and a listless manner.

It was plain that she thought she was being asked to do something beneath her dignity as an artist. Tommy grew discouraged about her. But, before giving up, he slipped her into the show one night.

It was in a dull town before a dull audience. Tommy, who suffered when his company was not appreciated, was miserable. He collected one of Maisie's comedy costumes and went into the dressing-room.

Six girls, beautifully dressed as Dutch dolls, were waiting to go on.

"Listen, everybody," he said, "I'm not going to waste a good number on that bunch of toadstools out there. Maisie, how about slipping into these things and seeing what you can do?"

"Very well," said Maisie. She was not pleased with the audience either.

She put on the red wig and the foolish clothes and skated out on the ice. To Tommy, watching her, it was as if a switch had been turned. The audience woke up. They ceased to sit on their hands. They whistled and stamped their feet.

Maisie dusted off the snow and had her elbows patched.

"Bring on the beauty. They're warmed up now," she said.

Please turn to page 4

One of Maisie's best acts was where, dressed as a tramp, she tried to steal a tulip from a park flowerbed.

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Never a Fire Bird

Continued from page 3

IT was then that Tommy warmed up also. He saw clearly what he should have seen before. With Maisie, as with other performers of eccentric genius, there must be an audience before she could shine. There must be someone to receive before she could give. He went to work on her with redoubled energy, paying no attention to her protests.

"I'm going to make you famous, I'm going to make you known from coast to coast."

"All you've got to do is let me at them with my Fire Bird," she retorted.

Tommy consigned the Fire Bird to a suitable place.

"We're polluted with Fire Birds. And Poetry of Motion and Beautiful Attitudes. And Fairy Princesses and girls in sequins interpreting the Evening Star——"

"Gee, that's what I'd like!"

"You dumb little egg, you don't know how wonderful you are! You've got a gift, the most wonderful gift in the world! We're going to make it so that when you skate out on the ice, people will stand up and cheer. We're going to make you something new and different. You're going to be the greatest skating comedienne in the world!"

"Oh, rats!" said Maisie.

If Tommy was determined and a slave driver, Maisie was a shrewd little operator in her own way. They shook down into a deal.

"Tommy, if I clown for you, will you let me free skate in the Sensation piece?"

"Nothing doing. That piece is topheavy now."

"Just four minutes. Real art, Tommy, they'll love me."

"Two minutes."

They compromised on three and Maisie, seeing a chance to further her legitimate career, went at the funny business with good grace.

Tommy discovered at once that she could not be taught. She could be encouraged, scolded, or praised, but she could not be told what to do because she knew instinctively what to do. She did not have to study the traditional gags and gestures of comedy, because when she needed one she invented it herself.

Watching her work, Tommy often had to remind himself that this was a kid from a small sea-coast village who had never seen anything. She was by natural genius adept at the art of miming and clowning and brisk horseplay, an art which has been practised since the Middle Ages.

She wanted nothing to do with props. "It's not things that make people laugh. It's people. Like Miss Terwilliger."

"Who is Miss Terwilliger?" Tommy asked.

"We just called her that. She was little and like a bird, and she skated as if she was jerking wires. She never got anything right, but she kept trying and she was always like a lady, even when she went boom. Wait, I'll show you."

That was how Miss Terwilliger was born. Maisie was always a little surprised at her success. She came on in glasses, in a costume she had made herself, a little down behind. In some way she made her legs look gawky.

All she did was to do the forward and backward eights and attempt a gentle Salchow, perhaps the queerest, most lopsided Salchow ever seen. She fell once in a complicated but still ladylike sprawl of birdlike legs. She would lie on the ice for a minute and then scratch herself and the audience would have hysterics.

They built up half a dozen little acts. With Maisie you never knew what would be funny. Like the comedian of the old silent film, she could express emotion vividly with her body. And like the old-time comedians, she knew that the funny thing is the unexpected.

In A Dancing Lesson she took one shockingly violent tumble on her head, as sudden as a thunderclap. Then by way of variation she would trip, almost fall, almost recover, whizz about in spectacular efforts to regain her balance, and when it was certain she was going to break her neck and every bone in her body, subside as lightly as a feather.

TOMMY liked her best in a bit where, as a baggy tramp, she tried to steal a park tulip. She never got the tulip; it was a gentle study in frustration. Because he liked it so much, he used to eavesdrop to get the audience reaction.

"I don't know why I'm laughing," he heard one woman say, wiping away tears of laughter, "It's really quite sad."

He knew then that Maisie was getting near the heart of comedy.

The curious part of it was that she was so unconscious of her gift.

Tommy took her to see a famous pair of skating comedians. She laughed heartily. She thought they were a riot.

"Think you could learn anything from them?"

She looked surprised. "I don't need anything from them, I'm not a comic. I only do those acts to please you—well, because you make me. I'd like to see them doing my Fire Bird."

She was silent for a while, thinking about something.

"You know, most people when they try to be funny on skates, try to be funny all the time. That's not the way. There should be just one or two funny places and all the rest is working up to them."

"Usually when you open your mouth," said Tommy, "you just go yaddity yaddity, but sometimes you are as smart as Einstein."

Maisie was indignant. "I do not go yaddity yaddity!"

Tommy took a good look at her. He knew, in a general way, that she was shapely and kind of pretty, but shapeliness and comeliness are the rule rather than the exception among skating girls. He now saw that she had blue eyes, a snub nose, and a bloom on her skin. In some way, this made her a very pretty girl.

And besides being dumb, she was also smart. As well as being confused, she was also confusing. By this it may be known that Tommy was somewhat confused about Maisie.

She came clumping into the office one day, guards over her skates, her coat over her practice tights and sat down and hugged her knees.

"Boy, have I got stars in my eyes!"

"Who is the lucky man?" Tommy asked.

"Vern. Vern Lagreen."

Vern was a glossy young man who did an adagio with one of the Lee sisters.

"He took me out to dinner last Sunday night. Gee, what a feed! He isn't happy with Annabelle, he says she's crabbing the act."

"I'll bet," said Tommy noncommittally.

"He wants me to do a pair with him. Something like the Swan Lake. He'd look a million in white tights. Can I, Tommy?"

"No."

She flared up at once. "You just love to get behind a desk and say no to everything I want to do! You're nothing but an old crab!"

She went out and slammed the door so hard that all the pictures fell down. Tommy leaned back in his chair and thought about Vern Lagreen.

That young man never did anything without a sound commercial motive. His instinct was to attach himself to the useful and the great in the hope that something would come his way. So, if he was being nice to the girl from Squamish he was up to something and it wasn't love. He thought of the stars in Maisie's eyes and felt a hundred, which was seventy years older than his age.

Ed Milks, the skating coach, threw up another straw to show the wind blowing.

"What are you going to do about Maisie?"

"How do you mean?"

"She was good when she came and now she's better. The kids know it, La Palma knows it. You can't keep her in the chorus and one little spot."

"Other shows will be after her do you think?" Tommy asked.

Please turn to page 30

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By GUS

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THE RED CENTRE

PART FOUR OF A SEVEN-PART SERIAL

By FRANK NUNN

WHEN PROFESSOR STOREY, noted atom scientist, is murdered on board the Transcontinental train, suspicion first points to young geologist MARTIN STEWART, but later shifts to a man on a sheep truck who borrowed matches from Martin.

Following Martin's description, DAWN STOREY, the Professor's daughter, identifies this man to INSPECTOR CONNORS as PETER HOLT, Russian buyer, connected with a previous attempt on her father's life. The Inspector has come with FLYING DOCTOR GAWLER to assist CONSTABLE LACEY in inquiries while the train is held up by rain at Cook. He later goes on to the Woomera rocket range.

Meanwhile, the doctor's plane is stolen. Martin is knocked unconscious trying to prevent this theft. Later, STEVE BOCK, who, with BILL RANDELL, had guided Martin in an inland holiday, telephones Martin, asking him to go in search of uranium in response to a Government offer of a big reward. When he refuses, Dawn declares that she will go. NOW READ ON:

MARTIN was surprised to find Constable Lacey entering his room in the railway rest-house just after his breakfast. He had taken off his head bandage and was trying to discover the extent of the surface wound when Lacey walked in.

He was going to make a cheerful remark when he caught sight of the constable's face. Overnight Lacey had changed back to the officious policeman.

Martin growled, "All right. What's turned sour now?"

"I've just had a wire from Inspector Connors," Lacey told him. "I'm ordered to hold you here until he returns from Woomera with a security officer who wants to question you. He expects to get here to-day."

His face was blank, but Martin was certain he liked this job, and his temper rose.

"I'm tired of being pushed around," he exploded. "If Connors wants me to stay here, he'll have to get out a warrant and arrest me."

Lacey said impassively, "Inspector Connors said he would take out a warrant if necessary, but suggests you stop here without any fuss until he arrives." He added: "I've got to see you don't get on the train when it leaves."

Martin started to pace the floor.

"Why don't you people wake up to yourselves?" he said angrily. "I've told you all I know. Why aren't you chasing up Peter Holt and this fellow who stole the doctor's plane?"

Lacey said nothing and Martin added, "It's about time I got a lawyer."

"All the inspector wants is for you to stay here until he gets back."

"He's threatening me now."

"Are you going to do what he wants?"

Martin sat down. His anger had made his head throb. He told himself it was no use losing his temper. He had to keep calm. There was the murder and there was Dawn. He had to try to be reasonable there.

He said wearily, "Just this once. Don't let's have any more of this pushing around."

Lacey nodded and left. Martin after a while wandered down to the kitchen and made some tea for himself. The rest-house had no domestic staff, but was run by the wives of railway employees. They had given him his breakfast, cleaned up, and gone.

He took his tea out to the side verandah, which was completely screened. From there he could see the tracks running west and a plume of steam above the locomotive of the train.

The water in the depression had sunk below the railroad, and as he watched he saw a section gang run a trolly across. Then the train started to crawl, and he watched it come on slowly and steadily into the station, where it rolled to a stop, dwarfing the station buildings.

Martin stayed on the verandah for the hour it took to prepare the train for the continuance of its journey. George did not come up for his swag, which suggested Lacey was standing guard in case he tried to make a break. Lacey wouldn't take any chances.

Dawn did not go near the train; he would have seen her pass. But when the train started to move off with the engine blowing triumphant blasts on its whistle, he saw her coming over from the police station heading for the rest-house.

He met her at the screen door. He was feeling very flat. She gave him a quick look and a smile.

"I thought," she explained, "we might get together now we've both missed the train."

He gazed after the dwindling express and said sourly, "Well, you could please yourself. I wasn't free to choose."

She gave a sympathetic nod. He led her round the corner where he had been seated.

"Connors is taking too many liberties with law and human rights," he said as they sat down. "I'll have to do something about it."

He brought out his pipe and packed it. She was looking at his head, now without a bandage. He had meant to tape the wound, but events had pushed the thought from his mind. Suddenly she got up and went inside. He heard her moving through the rest-house, and when she returned she had a first-aid kit.

"Sit still for a moment," she said. "I'm going to fix you up."

He took his pipe from his mouth, suddenly feeling embarrassed.

"Skip it," he said. "I can do that."

Dawn ignored him and picked up some surgeon's scissors and started to clip the hair from the broken skin. She was very gentle. She used broad tape, and when she had finished she returned the kit inside.

When she came back Martin was smoking furiously.

"Thanks," he muttered, all his bad temper gone.

There was a light in Dawn's eyes this morning, he noted, and the closed look which had clamped down on her face since her father's death was lifted. Martin thought it was due to the plans she had made, and decided the best thing he could do for her was to discuss them with approval.

"Maybe I'll be here when Steve comes through now," he said. "I'll be glad to help you fix up things with him."

She gave him a quick look. "I've been wondering about that. You wouldn't try to talk him out of it, would you?"

"Talk Steve out of nothing," he said dryly. "You can't head him off once he's set. He'll like your suggestion."

She confessed, "I've already talked to him. And it's on."

He stared. "You don't lose much time. Did you phone him?"

"I got him first thing this morning." She looked at him levelly. "He was a little surprised."

"But it's on?"

She nodded.

Steve would certainly be surprised, Martin thought, but not for long. He would soon realise that with an opportunity like this, sex could be overlooked.

"Did Steve know when he'll get here?" he asked.

"Any time now," Dawn said. "They were going to let the train through before the express got away from here. They want to rush the sheep through before they lose many more. They've had a terrible time. The sheep I mean."

He looked at her. "Which sheep train are you talking about? The one that was sidetracked back there to let our train through?"

"It's the one you saw. They sent it back when the flood blocked the traffic because of the water for the sheep. They had to fly in feed for them, but they lost a terrible lot."

Martin thought of the friends he had made among the crew. Maybe if he talked to them himself he might get on to something which would help him to establish that Peter Holt was on the train or at the stop.

The establishment of Holt's presence on the Nullarbor was his most important business just then.

"You'll have to work fast when the train gets here," he said. "You'll have plenty to fix up with Steve. Arrangements, I mean. Unless he intends to get off here and go back for his camels."

She said, "He's going right through. He's picking up camels at Alice Springs. That will be our departure point."

Martin nodded. He asked, "Where will you make your search?"

Dawn hesitated, and again he had the impression she was holding something back. Then she said, "Over towards the Western Australian border, I think. The Warburtons or Rawlinsons—" She was vague.

But he was frowning at the territory and not her vagueness. What he had heard about the natives in that country, their hostility, it was no place to take a girl. But he would have to leave that to Steve.

When the train presently showed up through the haze, they went down to the station. It was a long wait, but finally the train pulled past.

Martin saw that the open trucks coupled to the engine were empty of natives; many of the stock trucks were empty, too. It was odd to think that a flood in the desert had killed off so many sheep.

They went down to the guard's van as the train stopped. Steve and Bill dropped off together, beaming at Martin.

"So you didn't get far," Steve said. He shoved out a hand and Bill followed. They glanced at Dawn. Martin said, "This is Miss Storey." They shook hands gravely with her.

Martin stared over their heads. He recognised some of the sheep crew dropping off the van. He said, "I'll have to leave you people. Fix things up between yourselves. I want to talk to some of these fellows." He nodded down the track.

Steve said, "Sure you don't want to be in on it too?"

Martin shook his head.

"I can't," he said. "I've told you why." He gave Steve's shoulder a friendly squeeze. "You won't want me anyway once you've talked things over with Miss Storey. See you before you leave."

Please turn to page 40

"That's the best way to go," Steve said, sketching in the sand, while Dawn and Bill watched interestedly.

Illustrated by Dunlop

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Return Visit

By Robert Blake

Their happiest memories were tied up with St. Pietro. They were determined to go back one day.

SUSAN looked across the fireplace at the cover of the architectural monthly her husband was reading, and waited. But finally she interrupted him. "This year," she said, "we're going to have a holiday abroad."

Mick Clifford said, "You're a bit late." He dropped the magazine and glanced at his watch. "Just nine hours late, as a matter of fact."

"What do you mean, 'nine hours late'?" Susan inquired. "Nine hours late for what?"

"For beating me to the idea," Mick told her. "I went along this morning and fixed it up."

Susan stared at him. "Darling, you're joking!"

"No, I'm not."

"Then why didn't you tell me before?"

Mick laughed. "I was going to wait until I got the tickets and all the other bits of paper and then present them to you as a surprise."

"It would have been a lovely surprise," Susan said. "Only don't I get a chance to say where I'd like to go for this holiday?"

"Of course you do. Only I thought I knew."

Susan opened her eyes wide. She had very large blue eyes and an unconscious trick of making them seem even larger when she was surprised. Watching her, Mick thought that it went very well with her small tip-tilted nose and short, dark hair. She looked about sixteen instead of twenty-six and the mother of two small children. Then she said breathlessly, "Darling, you don't mean——"

"St. Pietro?" Mick grinned and nodded. "Right first time. I don't know how you do it."

St. Pietro, of course, was where they spent their honeymoon. It was a tiny little place in the extreme south-east of France, almost inside the borders of Italy—a forgotten, color-washed group of haphazardly arranged buildings that nestled at the very foot of the mountains. Mick and Susan had always agreed that the sun shone there permanently. It was inconceivable that there could ever be a dull or rainy day in St. Pietro.

Susan looked out at the garden, just beginning to grow dim and vanish in the dusk. She said slowly, "Do you think we'll get there this time, Mick?"

"This time we will," he told her. "We said that last year, remember?"

"And then got the chance to buy this house," her husband reminded her. "We couldn't very well have walked out on a thing like that."

"And the year before that I was having Carol." Susan looked over her shoulder at him. "I suppose Mother won't mind looking after the children while we're away."

"My guess is that she'll jump at the chance."

"I know," Susan admitted. "But it seems such a shame to leave them."

Mick said firmly, "Has it ever occurred to you that you need a break? There's plenty of time for them to see St. Pietro for themselves—but you need a rest, darling."

"No rations, no queueing, no responsibility for two whole weeks," Susan said dreamily. "Just hot sun and nothing to do. Oh, Mick, won't it be lovely?"

"And the most wonderful food," he reminded her.

"Lobsters. Hot ones, with mushrooms."

"And Chianti from just over the border. With the bottles in those little basket things."

"The trouble with us," Susan said, "is that we've been waiting for this trip too long." Which was quite true. They'd already been married some time before they had managed to get away for any honeymoon at all, because Mick had still been in the Army, and holidays abroad had been out of the question anyway.

Then, when it had been possible, the sudden impact of the warmth and color of St. Pietro after drab, wartime England had been almost too startling. It had been like visiting another world—a world where everything had been exactly right for every minute of the day. They had returned home starry-eyed and absolutely broke to face the business of starting a home amid the shortages and wreckage of post-war England.

Mick had been starting work in a firm of architects, working his way up by dint of long hours at the office, and even longer hours at his poky little two-roomed flat commanding a view of Battersea Power Station. When Joe arrived things had been even harder, and Mick had taken to working into the early hours of each morning because it was getting to be a race between his success and the bills that just always seemed to be coming in.

But all the time Mick and Susan had remembered St. Pietro and sworn that one day—somehow—they'd get back.

After a time, of course, things had started to look up. Mick had managed to start up in business on his own account, and for a time it had looked as though St. Pietro might not be so very far away after all. And then Carol had been born and—just to use up the last carefully saved penny—the chance to buy a house had come their way.

As Mick had said at the time, the house was something they couldn't very well do without, because two babies in a flat their size was fast becoming a major problem. So they'd moved in and spent the money that might have taken them back to the blue of the Mediterranean on lino and wallpaper and young Joe's shoes. Susan's people lived on a farm and always welcomed them. Holidays spent cheaply on the farm began to look like being a habit.

Until to-day.

Susan said: "Mick—I suppose we can afford it?" During the past few years counting the cost of every new proposition had become second nature. "Seriously, I mean."

"Seriously?" Mick laughed. "Seriously, I don't suppose we can. But if everybody waited until they were absolutely sure they could afford everything they bought life would be a bit dull."

"Then it's true we're really going," Susan said. She buried her face in his coat. "Oh, darling, I was beginning to give up hope of seeing it all again." She looked up at him suddenly. "How are we going?"

"We'll take Winifred."

Susan looked doubtful. "Will she manage a trip like that?" Winifred was Mick's old car.

Mick shrugged his shoulders. "The old girl's never let us down yet," he said optimistically. "And anyway, it's a case of that way or not at all. If we start having to pay out for train fares as well we really will find the trip too much of a good thing."

Susan said, "In that case, Winifred it is. Pity we can't afford a new hood for her, though. The present one leaks like a sieve."

"Seeing that it never rains in St. Pietro," Mick observed, "I call that a very minor snag."

There were other snags, though. After a fortnight's excited planning and filling in of forms, Mick failed to turn up for dinner one Thursday night. Knowing he had taken Winifred to the office, Susan was filled with a sudden horrible vision of a crashed car on a wet and slippery road.

She rang his office and, as she expected, got no reply. That meant, she knew, that he might be anywhere. There was nothing—absolutely nothing—she could do but sit and wait. As it happened, she did not have to wait long. At half-past nine Mick arrived, tired, irritable and depressed.

"Darling, what happened?" Susan asked.

Mick said shortly, "The car. The back axle broke on the way home, so I had to leave it parked in the nearest garage."

The look on Mick's face told Susan the answer to her next question, but she asked it just the same. "Is a broken axle very serious?"

"It's expensive, if that's what you mean," her husband told her shortly. "We can't afford to repair it and go to St. Pietro as well."

"I see," Susan said flatly. Then she managed to smile. "Oh, well, it was nice thinking we were going."

Mick said almost fiercely. "We'll still go—somehow. I might be able to borrow a car. There's a fellow I deal with in town who might be able to help."

Unbelievably, the help was forthcoming. The following evening he returned with the news that for the moment the transport situation was solved.

"For goodness sake, Susan, stop worrying," Mick said sharply. "Nothing else can stop us now."

"Jack Bennet's told me he can lend us one of the cars he uses for business."

"He's a building contractor, isn't he?" Susan asked. "Darling, that's wonderful. What sort is it?"

"I've no idea," Mick confessed. "One of this year's models, I believe." He added without any particular enthusiasm. "It'll certainly be a good deal more luxurious than if we took our own, anyway."

Susan agreed. She knew the way Mick felt about his car. "There's a letter for you that came by the afternoon post. It says 'Income Tax—Private' on the outside."

Her husband groaned. "I'm always scared to open these things. Where is it?"

"Here." Susan handed it to him and watched anxiously as he tore the envelope open and glanced at the printed form inside. "What does it say?"

Mick sat down heavily in an armchair. He said, "Briefly, that I owe them nearly thirty pounds."

"But you can't!" Susan protested. "You paid enough last year."

"This is evidently something different," Mick told her grimly. "They're very nice about it, but they say that it's due from the time I was in the Army. They admit it wasn't my fault, but it seems the records office made a mistake somewhere and now they want the money."

"But is that right?" Susan demanded. "Couldn't they have made a mistake this time as well?"

"They could have done," Mick agreed, "but I don't suppose for a moment they have—I'll check it."

"But, darling," Susan said, "we can't find thirty pounds just like that. Can we?" Then she stopped as a thought struck her. "Oh, Mick! It won't mean——"

"Look," Mick said, "after we've got this far it certainly isn't going to mean our holiday going west again. I'll go to see the income tax people. There must be something we can arrange."

The following day saw Mick leave for London with a more than usually worried expression on his face. But he phoned Susan later in the morning.

"Have you seen them?" she asked.

"Yes." Over the line his voice sounded relieved. "They were quite decent about it all. In fact, they say that considering the circumstances they'll be willing to accept part payment until the debt's worked off."

Susan gave a sigh of relief. "That's something."

"It's another bridge crossed," Mick admitted.

"It's only the second thing," Susan warned.

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Bad luck always comes in threes. Something else is bound to happen before we get away."

Mick said flatly, "That's an old wives' tale."

Even so, as the time approached, they were both conscious of mounting tension. Susan, who was counting the days on the calendar, admitted it.

"I wish whatever is going to happen would happen," she said.

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNNE W. DAVIES

Please turn to page 39

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4875216

The Choosing Hour

You can't have it both ways. You must make a choice, Nancy found — whether it's champagne or punch, Don or Tony.

NANCY found Donald under the apple tree, where he was pouring something into a punch bowl. "What a night!" she said, slipping her hand into his. As he turned, the lantern light flashed bright from a golden ring dangling from his ear. Donald was dressed as a pirate, Nancy as a fairy queen.

"That's because it's our night," Donald said.

"Just look at the moonlight!" she sighed, referring to the splash of quicksilver. "And that sky, Donald!" she added, referring to the immense piece of blue velvet tacked up with stars. "Do you think there'll ever be another night like it?"

"How could there be?" Donald said.

"I know there won't—but I just wanted to hear you say it too." Nancy tilted back her head to peer up through the overhanging branches. "Isn't it too bad you can't keep nights like this as souvenirs? Pickle them in jars of champagne or something? May I have something to drink?"

"What'll you have? It seems to be a choice between champagne and punch."

"They both sound nice. Can't I have both?"

"One or the other," Donald answered firmly. "Definitely not both."

"Oh, dear——" It was always one thing or the other, Nancy said unhappily to herself. It was always giving up one thing to have another. She reflected briefly on the unpleasantness of decision. Music reached her ear from across the garden, where guests were dancing to a small band. The tune was too persistent, she thought, too bouncy, a little out of tune with the languor of the night.

"Come on, make up your mind," Donald was saying.

"What?" She blinked before she remembered what he was talking about, then looked down at the two glasses extended in Donald's hand. Champagne or punch? Punch or champagne . . . "I'd like——"

"Yes?" The question mark hung in the air.

"I'd like you to kiss me," Nancy said.

"With boundless pleasure," Donald said. He bent forward, since he was a lot taller, and kissed her on her forehead.

"That wasn't much of a kiss."

"Just wait until midnight," Donald said.

"I can hardly," Nancy sighed. "What time is it now?"

"A minute to eleven." The dial glowed on his wrist like a flattened firefly. "You'd better run along."

"Run along? Where to, and why?"

"Wherever hostesses do run," Donald said.

"Well, I guess you're right," Nancy said doubtfully, giving in to his superior wisdom. She looked up at him then and even in the obscure light of the Japanese lanterns became aware of a curious smile playing on his lips. It surprised her, for Donald's lips rarely entertained curious smiles.

"You'd better be back by midnight," Donald said.

"I will—and for worser too," Nancy answered, pleased by the aptness of her phrasing. For at midnight there would be a roll of drums, a chord from the band—and then her aunt, who was giving the party, would step forward to proudly announce the engagement of her niece to Dr. Donald Scott. Nancy turned back, on the edge of leaving. "Please, Donald, can't I have a sip of both."

By way of answer, Donald still wore that smile.

Nancy had almost crossed the garden before she became aware that a unicorn was following her. The animal kept a discreet distance, but she was conscious of its long candy-striped horn bobbing above the crowd. Nancy turned suddenly and looked the unicorn in its papier-mache face. The candy-striped horn dipped solemnly in a gesture of salute.

She turned down the stone staircase which led to the fountain at the extreme end of the garden, and was strangely pleased that the unicorn pursued. It wasn't every night, Nancy thought, that a girl is followed by a strange unicorn.

By the time she reached the fountain and sat down on the rim of the basin, the animal was at her side. It sat down next to her and crossed its legs.

"Hello, Unicorn," Nancy said.

As if to answer that, the unicorn deliberately took hold of her left hand with its right paw.

"You're a little familiar," Nancy said, "for a beast to whom I haven't been introduced——"

"Hello, darling," the unicorn said.

She knew who it was then, even before he took off the headpiece. She would know that voice anywhere, any time.

"Tony!" she cried. "What are you doing here? I—I thought you were in Rome!"

"I was," Tony McLeod answered evenly. "I went and I saw but I hardly conquered. I've come back to marry you."

Nancy wanted to get up and run, but she was betrayed by her muscles. She was rooted there as solidly as though she were a marble figurine carved on the marble fountain. She had a feeling that everything was abruptly frozen, she and Tony and time itself, even the splashing water behind them, its crystal drops frozen in mid-air as though a spell had turned them all to everlasting stone.

"Go away," she said in a low, frightened voice. It was not simply the sight of Tony which gave Nancy this terrible feeling, for she had always known that they would some day meet again. What frightened Nancy was her acute sensation that he had never been away, that the last year had treacherously collapsed, trapping her in its wreckage.

"Of course I won't go away. I seem to have arrived in the very nick of time."

"You never wrote," she said suddenly. Of all the things she had intended not to say, that was assuredly the foremost. "It was almost a year—and you never even sent a postcard."

"I bought lots of postcards. I even filled out a couple," Tony said.

"You're completely, utterly unrealistic!"

"I'm afraid I am," he admitted gloomily. "Though I like to think it's one of those vices that make the seven deadly virtues bearable." He cocked his head at her. "As I said, I've come back to marry you."

"I heard what you said."

"Presuming that you still love me, naturally," Tony added. "I remember your saying that you always would."

"Things change," she said sharply.

"Do they? My theory is that they don't."

"If people were held to every promise they made, to every vow of everlasting love—"

"That's just it," Tony said. "They are held, Nancy darling. They're held by their own hearts."

"Moonshine," Nancy said. "Sheer fifty-four-gauge moonshine!"

"We're wasting an awful lot of time," Tony remarked. His shoulder was an inch from hers but Nancy felt its closeness more intensely than if it were actually touching.

"Please—go away," she pleaded.

"I did a lot of thinking while I was away," Tony said. "Do you know what I realised?" She shook her head. "I realised that all the best moments of my life, Nancy—the ones I really remember—I'd spent with you."

"I can just picture you realising that. Sitting in some quaint little cafe in Rome," Nancy said bitterly. "Absinthe makes the heart grow fonder. I know all about that . . ."

But as she spoke the words Nancy thought it was the truth about those moments they had spent together. She closed her eyes and saw them glittering there, like separate diamonds and sapphires and emeralds, shining fiercely in the light of her recollection.

Powerless to resist, she was borne backward on the current of time. For three years she had loved Tony—three of the brightest and darkest years of her youth. One day he loved her passionately — and the next day he'd be off, chasing some phantom known only to himself.

And through it all, like the theme underlying a symphony, ran that peculiar little speech Tony had made to her so often: "Listen, darling, some day I'm going to marry you. I know I'm going to marry you. I just have to square up a few things first."

Nancy sat on the rim of the fountain and remembered all those things and with half an ear listened to the gay music drifting from the party. Through the trees and shrubs she watched the distant swirling dancers, Harlequin and Columbine, Cleopatra and Mickey Mouse . . .

"I love you," Tony said intensely. "I'm going to marry you. I've always known that I was going to marry you. There's not a thing that either of us can do about it! You can't marry anyone else."

Donald Scott was as different from Tony as a man could be, which was why it had been so easy, Nancy realised afterward, for her to slip into a friendship with him. When she was with Donald there were no memories popping up in unexpected places to play sad songs on her heartstrings. It was all new when she was with Donald—new and touched with a disarming innocence.

Nancy didn't have the slightest notion that he might fall in love with her, or she with him, until after it had happened. Even then she felt a strong disinclination to call the thing which held them by the name of love. Love, to Nancy, had always signalled the sort of thing she felt when she was with Tony.

So love slipped up behind Nancy, disguised by Donald's pleasant face, and didn't warn her with even one single fanfare of celestial trumpets. Suddenly this new kind of feeling was there on the doorstep of her heart, like a persistent stranger to whom she had been only casually introduced. This intruder even spoke a foreign language—in his vocabulary, it was not to-night-we-love, but to-morrow-we-live.

She met Donald at somebody's cocktail party and took remarkably little note of him. She was dimly conscious that he had kept her glass filled and kept bringing canapes but still Nancy saw no particular significance in it when he'd asked if he might take her out to dinner.

They'd had one of the most pleasant dinners in Nancy's memory, but she didn't see any particular significance in that either. It was the very pleasantness of it all which blinded Nancy to what was happening that first evening and the other evenings which followed.

If she thought anything at all during that period of peculiar unawareness, it was simply: How wonderful—I've finally found a man who's a friend!

About two months after the cocktail party, Donald had to leave town for a medical convention. It was a Saturday night—the night on which they'd fallen into the habit of going out for dinner—and Nancy suddenly felt more desolate, more bereft than she had ever felt in her life. She was astonished and somewhat frightened by the intensity of this unexpected emotion.

Then the telephone rang. It was Donald. They spoke of the weather and of how poor the connection was and of Donald's trip. The weather was getting a second going over when the operator said that the three minutes were up and with assorted lame good-byes they both hung up.

Nancy stood by the telephone that night, lighting a cigarette to calm herself. This can't be love, she kept telling herself. This absolutely can't be love, so what is it, she kept asking herself. If the beating of her heart answered that question, Nancy was too

By LORENZO SEMPLE

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

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bewildered to heed it. She simply stared into her mirror, at the rather pretty oval face, the blue eyes, the expectant lips—and wondered who was staring back at her.

Donald returned to town ten days later. Neither of them could think of a word to say. They talked as foolishly as they had that night over the telephone, but there was one difference. Nancy needed no cigarette to calm herself. With Donald there beside her she felt a calm such as she had never experienced before. She was wrapped from head to foot in cotton. All the miseries of the world simply ceased to exist.

Donald put out his hand and closed it over hers lightly with no trace of possessiveness. It was the first deliberate contact they'd had. No shock exploded along Nancy's nerves, only a spreading warmth. This was better than a shock, she thought with surprise. This warmth wouldn't ever let you down.

"I wish I could tell you how much I missed you," Donald said finally. "That first Saturday night——"

"You don't need to tell me," Nancy said.

"It was perfectly frightful. I felt like hopping the first plane home."

"I'm glad you didn't do anything so silly," Nancy said. "I mean, you do have important work to think of."

"I have a life, too," Donald said a trifle uneasily. "Let's admit it, Nancy—I'm thirty-two. I'm nine years older than you."

"Really, Mr. Methuselah?" Nancy laughed. "Fallen arches, too, I presume? Hardening of the heart?"

"It's high time I was—settling down."

It was unreasonable, Nancy thought, but she felt no constraint, no embarrassment at all. "What I don't understand," she said sincerely, "is why you've never been married."

Donald hesitated an instant before answering and then it was with a faint air of apology. "Sometimes I wonder myself. I'd like to imagine that I was—waiting for you."

"But of course you weren't, not really," Nancy said. "Only very foolish people do that. When the time is ripe, people always manage to find somebody."

"Yes, I suppose that's true," Donald admitted. He held her hand a trifle more firmly. "Maybe I was frightened off. I knew so many people who couldn't live with themselves and tried to make up for that by falling in love. And maybe it occurred to me, though I'm not sure, that a man can't give a woman what he doesn't own himself—security, happiness, anything you want to name. If he hasn't got it, he can't give it—no matter how much he'd like to or how much he loves her. You'd be surprised how many people overlook that simple bit of emotional economics."

"Donald, that's just about the wisest and most understanding thing I've ever heard."

A silence sprouted between them.

"Well, we've certainly beaten the bush to death," Nancy said at last. "We've thumped it to shreds, haven't we?"

"Listen, Nancy——"

"Yes, Donald?"

"I—I can't tell you how much I love you! Will you marry me?"

"You've told me very nicely."

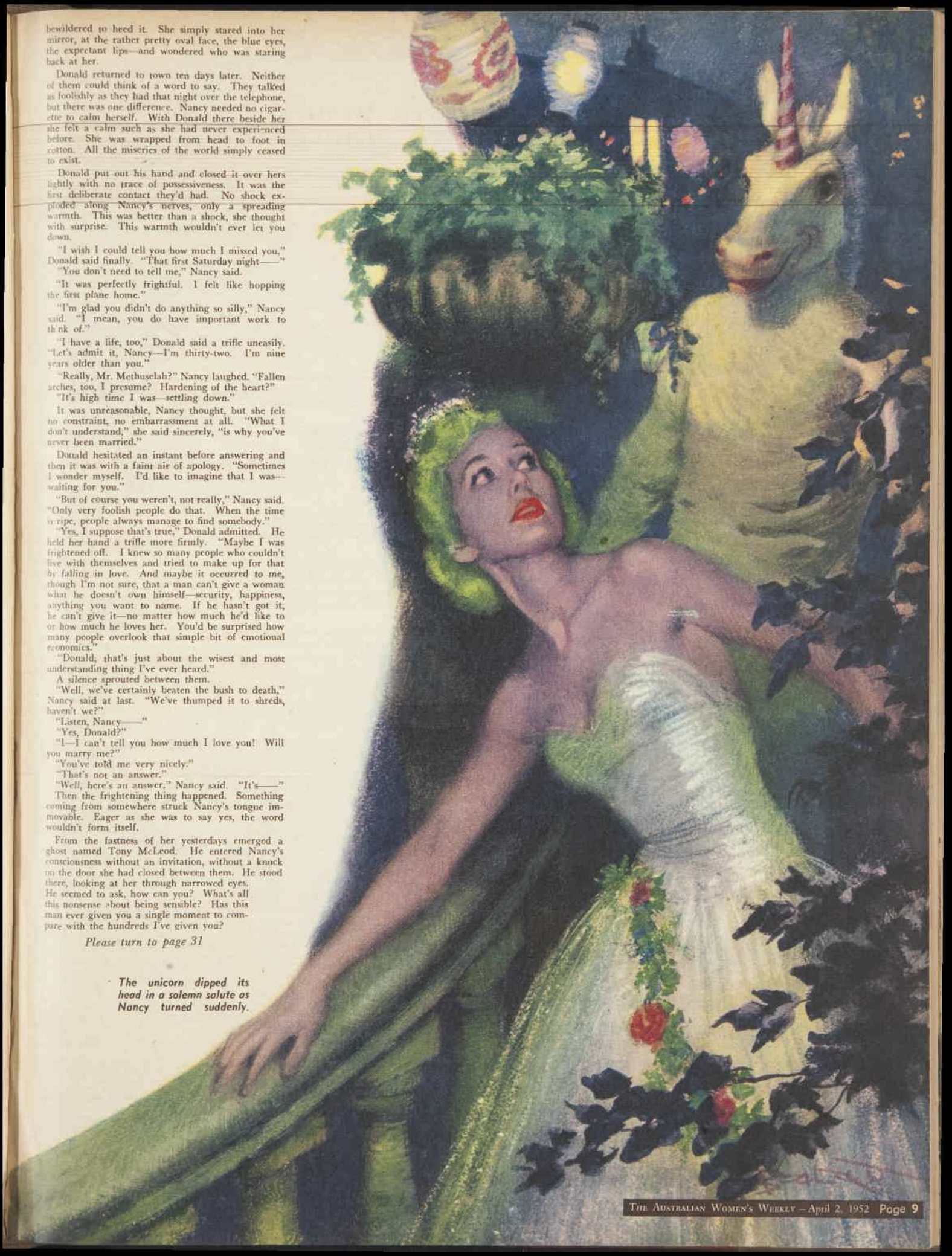
"That's not an answer."

"Well, here's an answer," Nancy said. "It's——"

Then the frightening thing happened. Something coming from somewhere struck Nancy's tongue immovable. Eager as she was to say yes, the word wouldn't form itself.

From the fastness of her yesterdays emerged a ghost named Tony McLeod. He entered Nancy's consciousness without an invitation, without a knock on the door she had closed between them. He stood there, looking at her through narrowed eyes. He seemed to ask, how can you? What's all this nonsense about being sensible? Has this man ever given you a single moment to compare with the hundreds I've given you?

Please turn to page 31



The unicorn dipped its head in a solemn salute as Nancy turned suddenly.

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Editorial

Vol. 19, No. 44 April 2, 1952

FREE DESIGN FOR HOUSES

IN New South Wales, the Royal Australian Institute of Architects has moved to abolish council control of building design.

Architects in other States where councils control building design support the move wholeheartedly.

They point to Victoria and Western Australia, where councils have no say in design, as examples of the better houses that have resulted from free creativeness.

The architects' view is that council control of hygiene, sanitation, stability, and materials is sufficient to safeguard the health and lives of house occupants.

They maintain that design is abstract. In the same spirit, they say, councils might dictate styles to dressmakers and milliners within their areas.

The architects have a point.

Many aldermen are conservative and resistant to change. They are apt to stick to long-accepted models, and thereby to retard improvements as well as prevent "horrors."

The house designs accepted and even praised to-day for their idea of form-following-function were evolved despite resistance and jeers.

The more advanced designs now being resisted may be too new-fangled for most people's tastes, but in their turn they may be the first indications of a splendid new development.

In the matter of building, where the owner is safeguarded by wise regulations, it is surely retrogressive to discourage experimentation in design.

OUR COVER

The scene on our cover, taken by Mr. John Street, of Milson's Point, Sydney, will probably inspire all those who are looking over their packs and gear for winter hiking. It shows in the distance Mt. Warning, which is near the Queensland border in northern New South Wales. Mt. Warning was named by Captain Cook on May 15, 1770, as he made his way northwards from Botany Bay.

This week:

● Entry which won £1000 for first prize in the Office Section of our recent Quiz Contest is on pages 12 and 13 of this issue. The winner, Miss Miriel Payne, of South Australia, told us that as private secretary to the managing director of a big firm she has had to cope with most of the problems raised in the ten questions. She previously won a picture theatre competition for "Adelaide's Champion Stenographer." We were not surprised to learn this after seeing the beautifully typed and presented entry for our competition. She tells us that once she took down 21 minutes of fast shorthand dictation over the telephone from England, and has reported telephone conversations with the United States, New Zealand, and every Australian capital city.

● Turn to pages 48 and 49 for the first of a new series of articles on interior decoration by Mrs. Keith Martin. In succeeding issues she deals with the various rooms of a house in turn. All the articles will be illustrated in color.

● If you'd like to make an evening bag on one of those metal frames which are available in most big stores, turn to page 33 for directions. On page 47 you'll find knitted pullovers for father and son, complete with instructions.

Next week:

● Color features next week include pictures of the picturesque abbey at New Norcia, Western Australia. The abbey was founded 100 years ago by a Spanish monk.

● The merest amateur at carpentry will be able to make the bookshelf featured in our home section next week. The only tools needed are saw, screwdriver, and hammer, and full directions are given. Also in our home section, directions for knitting a lacy jumper.

BOOK REVIEW

By AINSLIE BAKER

THE RIVAL MONSTER by Compton Mackenzie

NO one who enjoyed that little gem of a film "Whisky Galore" will want to miss this new Compton Mackenzie novel.

For in it the author again introduces the leading inhabitants of the two small Outer Hebridean islands of Great and Little Todday who proved such magnificent material in the movie based on an earlier book.

Meeting old friends is always pleasant, but never more so than when in the invigorating company of Highland humorist Compton Mackenzie.

Now 69, the author, with all the verve of a small boy let loose in a sweet-shop, on this occasion tackles the delicious situation of the citizens of Great and Little Todday acquiring a rival to the Loch Ness monster.

As is only to be expected, the prospect of the limelight and prosperity assured by the acquisition of a monster of their own proves unbalancing to the islanders.

However, the new rivalries and vaulting ambitions of the Toddays pale into insignificance beside the spectacular manner in which the old Highland chieftain, Ben Nevis, reacts to a situation that he can only regard as a personal insult to himself and Inverness-shire as a whole.

Acompanied with what confirmed Mackenzie readers will recognise as typical Ben Nevis bellows, trumpetings, and Gaelic fire, the hawk-nosed Campbell-hater proceeds to organise a voyage to the offending islands.

Its purpose is to disprove, if possible, the existence of the upstart monster. Failing that, to catch it and display to the world its inferiority to the creature of Loch Ness.

Thirdly, should the horrible rumors that the Loch Ness monster, after being attacked by a flying saucer, has moved his headquarters to the despicable islands of Todday be true, it is the firm intention of the intractable 70-year-old chieftain to drag it by force back to its rightful lair.

Involved in this patriotic crusade are such old acquaintances as Hector Hamish Mackay, the Scottish historian and topographer; Joseph Macroom, postmaster and principal merchant of Little Todday; Roderick MacRurie, landlord of Great Toddie's Snorvig Hotel; Father Macalister, Cameron of Kilwhillie; and the piper and butler of Glenbogle Castle.

To me, no scene afforded more exquisite pleasure than the one in which Ben Nevis attempts to enlist the aid of his old friend Kilwhillie by means of the Glenbogle Castle telephone, or, as he prefers to call it, machine.

A vote of thanks to Mr. Mackenzie, who upholds the currently unfashionable belief that the first duty of a novelist is to entertain.

"The Rival Monster" is published by Chatto and Windus. Our copy from Grahame Book Company.

The Australian Women's Weekly

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OFFICE QUIZ WINNER

MIRIEL PAYNE, winner of the £1000 prize in the office section, farewelled by her business colleagues before leaving in the Oronsay for a tour abroad on April 6. The tour was planned before Miss Payne knew she had won the prize.

Clear thinking and a good grip of procedure were evident in the answers given by Miriel Payne, winner of the £1000 first prize in the office section of our big £5000 Quiz Contest.

In the judges' opinion these qualities, combined with her sense of layout in letters and memos, merited top marks.

Lack of space prevents the publication of the full answers. Some have been shortened, others summarised.

1—Suggest four golden rules for career girls.

Strive to be smart in appearance, current in knowledge, and feminine in manner.

Always keep your sense of humor—but most times keep it dark.

Aim to be the acme of efficiency, the soul of discretion, and the essence of tact under all circumstances.

Behave towards your chief as you would wish his secretary to behave if you were his wife.

2—Suppose you are a shorthand-typist with three years' experience in a general office. Your shorthand and typing are good, you consider yourself alert, well informed, and worthy of a better job. So answer the following advertisement.

WANTED: Experienced stenographer as secretary to executive of large company. Only girls with personality and willing to concentrate on exacting job will be considered. Reply, stating educational and business qualifications, to Executive, Box 0202, Blanktown.

JUDGES' COMMENT. In this question Miss Payne submitted a letter of application for the position that is considered to be an excellent example of the classic form. It was brief for such a letter—a page and a half of single-spaced typing—informative and to the point.

It set out her qualifications in a way that permitted quick assessment by an employer of the writer's potential value to his organisation.

Particulars of personal background included date and place of birth, nationality, and marital status.

Details of education and business college training preceded brief mention of past industrial experience, and copies of supporting references were provided.

No attempt was made at this stage to "sell a bill of goods," but the writer said: "If you would favor me with an interview I am sure you would be convinced that I have the necessary ability and personality to make a success of the position."

3—Congratulations, you got the job. Till now your clothes purchases have been limited by your small salary. This winter you managed to buy a good topcoat, but you have nothing else very good. Suddenly you are given £100 to spend on clothes. How would you lay out the money to benefit for several seasons ahead as well as for this summer?

£100 to spend on my wardrobe—what a thrill! I'll need to ponder a bit on color schemes and accessories. . . . It's luck that the Blanktown Emporium is having its big sale next week.

A good suit is, of course, a "must." Black is smart any time, anywhere. I can have black accessories for winter and the suit can be rejuvenated with white hat, gloves, and bag for autumn and spring. The agate-red and black check frock I saw in the Emporium window yesterday would be lovely for the office, and the material should wear for ever. I need a new skirt and blouse, and I'll knit myself that dressy little angora jumper I have directions for.

I will ask Elizabeth to make me a frock in royal-blue linen with a bolero for office wear. Her charges are moderate and her work has a smart look. For after five I can wear the frock only and pin on it different pieces of costume jewellery, or dress it up with my scarlet georgette hankie and the carved wooden beads Jane brought me from Switzerland. A coat? A duster, of course. A short-sleeved coat would be cool and young-looking, if I can find something in corn-yellow to go with the blue linen as well as the green and tan frocks I already have.

I'll ask Elizabeth to make me up one of those lovely screen-print frocks, too.

It's a pity I can't have a new evening frock, but I'm afraid funds won't run to that at the moment. My last season's oatmeal-colored lace will do for "long frock" functions.

For hot summer days when I have a dinner date, I could easily make myself a full-skirted organza frock.

[Cuttings of dress designs illustrated Miss Payne's detailed budget, and she stapled samples of materials to the well-laid-out pages.]

Corn-yellow duster coat	£7 0 0
Royal-blue linen dress material and making	£6 13 9
Straw hat, nylon mesh gauntlet gloves, white buck-skin court shoes, white straw handbag	£8 0 0
Organza dress with two-way neckline, to be made at home	£3 10 0
Summer hat of black crinoline straw, black shoes, long black gloves, small black bag	£8 10 0
Screen-print silk frock	£7 5 0
Shorts and blouse of white linen	£3 10 0
Light-weight wool frock, agate-red and black	£8 0 0
Costume, similar to model by Maggy Rouff	£13 13 0
Costume jewellery	10 6
Nylon blouse, to be made at home	£2 1 9
Costume jewellery, winter hat, black kid gloves, angora wool for jumper	£7 5 0
Light-weight wool skirt	£4 1 6
Grey suede walking shoes	£3 0 0
Lingerie—Nine yards of white nylon material	£7 6 0
Girdle and brassieres	£3 0 0
Other underwear	£4 0 0
Six pairs nylons (imperfects)	£2 14 0

4—Your new chief is a nervy, forgetful man. At 10.55 one morning you discover he has made an appointment for 11 a.m. with one important client, forgetting that you have already made an appointment with another equally important for the same time. They arrive together. What do you do?

ON the basis that I did not have time to discuss anything before the two men arrived, I would be influenced how to act by the temperament of the man with whom I had made the appointment. The following alternative suggestions are therefore put forward:

If he were a considerate type of man, prepared to be helpful in an emergency and not particularly pressed for time, I would—

(1) Explain to him that I unfortunately had overlooked another appointment made previously for the same time, and ask him whether he could possibly help me out of my dilemma by waiting until my chief had completed his interview with the other caller.

(2) Presuming Mr. Mypointment to be willing to wait up to half an hour, I would tell my chief what had happened and ask him whether he would be likely to be free to see Mr. Mypointment within that time.

(3) Assuming he agreed to this, I would then show the other man, Mr. Headsdate, into my chief's office.

(4) To help pass the time for Mr. Mypointment, it would be advisable to:
See that he is comfortably seated.
Hand him some interesting reading matter.
Ask him questions from time to time about—
The profit-sharing scheme he has recently introduced for his employees; which motor car he prefers; how he enjoyed the Blanktown Repertory's production of "The Lady's Not For Burning"; and what he thinks about Christopher Fry's style of writing.

(5) After 25 minutes, if my chief was still engaged with original client, I would phone him and say that Mr. Mypointment was sorry but could not wait much longer, and ask what would he like me to arrange.

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Splendid £1000 answer

Alternatively, if Mr. Mypointment were a type of man not likely to be co-operative, or too busy to wait, I would:

Request the most senior executive available to talk to Mr. Mypointment for a few minutes; or ask Mr. Headsdate to wait a few moments until I had checked if Mr. Smith (my chief) were free; and explain the whole situation about the confusion to him.

I would ask the chief if he preferred me to make another time for Mr. Mypointment to see him — after explaining with regret what had happened — or to ask Mr. Mypointment whether he would be good enough to see the assistant manager, or whether he (the chief) had any alternative suggestion.

When the position was clarified, I would then show Mr. Headsdate into my chief's office, and finally advise Mr. Mypointment of my chief's decision about the interview.

5—The organisation for which you now work covers many different activities. A letter comes in which requires information from a number of different departments before your chief can draft the final answer. What steps would you take to see that it was quickly dealt with by each one?

I WOULD adopt the following procedure:

Show the letter to my chief and, unless he had any other instructions, I would offer to collect for him the necessary information from the departments concerned by 2.30 p.m. that day.

Type sufficient copies of the whole of the letter to circulate a copy to each department concerned.

Type a covering memo as per attached, marking respective paragraph or paragraphs for each department's attention and arrange for prompt delivery of the memo to the senior executive concerned.

Then place original letter with copy of my covering memo in my chief's "TO WRITE" file, noting on my own desk-pad: "2.15—Memos re Brown and Sons."

At 2.15 personally visit or telephone department or departments who had not let me have required comments.

As near 2.30 p.m. as possible take all information to my chief and inquire if he wanted any further data before replying.

Remind him later in the afternoon if he had not yet answered the letter.

(Miss Payne supplied a draft memo for all departments.)

6—You're proving so efficient, all sorts of little problems come to you to be solved. For instance, there has been a great increase in the consumption of notepaper, envelopes, paper clips, pencils, nibs, etc., and it has been suggested that staff members are supplying their personal needs from office stocks. You are told to draft a memo, calling for economy in the use of stationery.

FOLLOWING is memo which I would draft, after having ascertained the facts, and which should be taken to a top executive for signature. When approved and signed, it should be circularised to each member of the staff.

Do you ever stop to think how much a single sheet of our bond quarto paper is worth these days? It actually costs the company nearly one penny for every sheet — and ordinary lead pencils cost 4d. or 5d. each.

We have just completed dissecting our costs for the past three months and the total for stationery issued appears to be phenomenal. We paid almost £950 for such items as paper, envelopes, clips, pencils, nibs, etc. The figure for the corresponding period two years ago (when we had almost as many employees and practically the same turnover) was £198. Admittedly, costs have increased, but not to anywhere near this extent.

If the quantities issued in the coming three months are not considerably less than in the period just ended, it will be necessary for us to request each person to sign a detailed requisition for his individual requirements.

However, we hope there will be no need for this and that we can in future count on your co-operation.

(The body of the memo only is given, but it was set out with the same balance and precision which marked the whole entry.)

7—Now you are answering tricky letters yourself. This morning there is a letter from a valued but troublesome customer of your firm complaining that some items of a consignment of goods received at his shop were damaged in transit. You must write a firm but inoffensive letter which states that the goods were undamaged when they left your firm's factory, that they were carried by one of the most reliable of your transport personnel, and that it is possible that they were damaged on his premises. The name of your firm is A. B. C. D. Jones, Pty. Ltd., 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney, general merchants, cable address Dosel.

YOUR letter of 9th instant (Ref. GM:AS) was the only complaint in our mail this morning, and we are wondering how we can convincingly assure you that we always take every possible precaution to check that each item delivered by us reaches our client's store in faultless condition.

As is our usual practice, a "Final Inspection Approval Tag" was attached to the goods in question before leaving our factory, and the signed duplicate is on our files. Under the supervision of one of our experienced drivers — a most reliable and observant man — your order was carefully packed and loaded on our new utility. He confirms that the merchandise was undamaged up to the time of off-loading at your shop. We are holding cart-note No. 694/1097B, signed by your head storeman (F. Wright), and this shows that the consignment was received by him "in good order and condition."

Our Transport Manager says you previously reported that damaged goods were delivered to you last August. However, your Mr. Wright investigated the matter further and eventually traced the cause of the damage to carelessness on the part of two of your juniors who had been working overtime without proper supervision.

We suggest you arrange to have a further check made on the following points:

(1) Method of removal of goods from your side entrance.
(2) Did the consignment stand out in the weather?
(3) Were the goods stored in a damp place?
(4) When was the packing removed?
(5) When was the damage reported to you personally?

If you prefer that we should adopt any improved method of packing to give merchandise better protection in your shop kindly let us know and we will endeavor to give you satisfaction on future orders.

Yours faithfully,
A. B. C. D. JONES PTY. LTD.
A. B. C. SMITH, Sales Manager.

8—You are shocked at the sight of this envelope in the mail one morning. Tabulate the errors made in addressing it.

F. PINE, Esq., B.SC. MBE,
84 ABERNETHY ST,
KEDRON

The address is typed too high on envelope and too far over to the right, leaving no space for postmarks or postage stamps. Typing in first line is not uniform, as PINE is in capital letters and Esq. shows only a capital E. The honor conferred by the King should precede any degrees, therefore M.B.E. should follow immediately after Esq. and be typed with a full stop between letters to show that the initials are abbreviations. The abbreviation of Bachelor of Science has been incorrectly typed, as it should read B.Sc. A comma should separate the two groups of initials. Typing the whole of each line in capitals is not actually correct, and so first and second lines should preferably show capitals only for the first letter of each word. (To assist postal sorters, the name of the town is usually typed in capital letters.) The second line is also too far over on the envelope and should be preferably approximately five spaces indented from the commencement of the first line. The full stop has been omitted after ST, and this should be included or, alternatively, the word should be typed in full, viz., "Street," when no full stop would be necessary. The third line is also too far over on the envelope and should be preferably five spaces indented from the commencement of the second line. A comma has been omitted after KEDRON. The State or country in which Kedron is situated has been omitted. The final full stop has been omitted.

Note: If there is sufficient space on the envelope, it is preferable to double space the lines for clarity in reading the address.

9—You are successful now, and well paid, but find that you are concentrating too much on your career and cutting yourself off from normal women's interests. State why this is a bad thing and what you will do to avoid loss of femininity.

MIRIEL PAYNE answered this by writing a soliloquy in three parts.

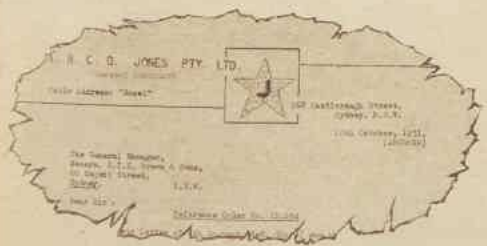
Briefly her decisions were: She did not wish to compete with men for big jobs, and would prefer to be treated with the courtesy formerly accorded her.

To achieve this she decided to join a fiction library and read novels instead of business journals, to take a shipboard holiday, to have a glamor vacation wardrobe, and to refurnish her bedroom.

Social activities planned were rejoining tennis and social clubs, and becoming a hostess member of the Overseas Club.

10—Suggest four golden rules for employers.

STRIVE to combine true leadership with warm friendship in all your associations with your staff.
CULTIVATE your sense of humor—and let it flower in the office.
GIVE recognition where recognition is due, whether it be to your right-hand man or to one of the "little cogs in the wheel."
TREAT your secretary as you would wish your daughter's chief to treat her—if you had a secretary-daughter.



THIS LETTERHEAD was designed by Miss Payne and lettered and decorated mainly with a typewriter. The body of the letter is printed at the top of the next column.

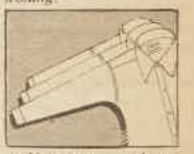
You must see the new

1. New DART Collar — specially constructed for "life-long" wear.

America's most popular white shirt . . . now made in Australia.

Arrow Dart features the new Dart collar, specially constructed to give life-long wear . . . it never wilts and needs no starch. Dart is tailored to the MITOGA design (shaped to follow a man's contours) from the finest quality "SANFORIZED" fabric (shrinkage less than 1%). Its smooth texture irons up like satin and the tailor-stitched seams will not pucker or wrinkle. The stronger buttons on Dart are anchor-stitched to stay on . . . and another entirely new feature: You can buy Arrow Dart in various sleeve lengths.

2. Mitoga shape for perfect fit and easy ironing.



3. Various sleeve lengths for each neck size.

4. Sanforized for permanent fit — shrinkage less than 1%.

Arrow "DART"

Arrow and Mitoga Reg. Trade Marks. Cluett, Peabody & Co. Inc., U.S.A.

PA86-20

GUARD AGAINST
PYORRHEA
It strikes neglected gums
4 out of 5 may become victims.

Are you neglecting the all-important care of your gums? Firm gums are vital to the health and beauty of your teeth. Tender, bleeding gums that don't receive attention may lead to the dread infection that 4 out of 5 may have—Pyorrhea!

To guard against Pyorrhea, with its spongy, shrinking gums and loosening teeth, see your dentist regularly and immediately begin easy Forhan's "double-purpose" dental care. Twice daily, brush your teeth and massage your gums with Forhan's—the only dentifrice with the amazing anti-Pyorrhea astringent of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.

Forhan's
DOES TWO JOBS—CLEANS TEETH, SAVES GUMS
The only toothpaste with the special anti-Pyorrhea astringent. Costs no more than ordinary toothpaste.
1/6½ and 2/7

Asiatic Agents: Sheldon Drug Co. Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

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Not one, not two, but **3 LEG LENGTHS**

KAYSER 1-2-3's

INDIVIDUALLY PROPORTIONED NYLONS

DEBS
(if you're small)
4'8" to 5'2"

MIDS
(if you're average)
5'2" to 5'6"

LONGS
(if you're tall)
5'6" to 6'

The Kayser Nylons in YOUR Proportioned Length are **scientifically knitted to give proper width, stretch and length at ankle, calf and thigh.** You will enjoy wearing nylons that ensure your personal fit in your correct leg length.

12/11

be wiser — buy **KAYSER** **PROPORTIONED LENGTHS**

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Pamper YOUR PRICELESS SKIN WITH

Skin blemishes and irritating rashes can permanently injure delicate skin. Wright's Coal Tar Soap is mild yet fully cleansing. It is recommended by doctors for the prevention and treatment of skin complaints.

Your skin is priceless—

pamper it with

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

Ideal for Toilet and Nursery

HERE'S HELP FOR A PERSISTENT WORRY

Constipation, forerunner of many troubles, affects people of all ages and walks of life and causes much annoyance and worry.

When the bowels refuse to work naturally, and regularly, the body absorbs poisons from the waste that remains in the system. Constipation brings sick headaches, biliousness, coated tongue and unpleasant breath, fatulence, loss of appetite, drab complexion.

These troubles are easily corrected by safe, gentle Pinkettes for all the family. Pinkettes are simple to take and do not have harsh after-effects which can be dangerous. Being compounded of harmless vegetable ingredients only, Pinkettes are the ideal laxative pills because they are not habit-forming and quickly, gently make you regular. At chemists and stores.

HOME STUDY COURSES

STOTT'S can prepare You—successfully—in your OWN HOME, for Promotion or for a Definite Career.

Shorthand, Typing
Bookkeep'g (Farm, C'cial, Station)
Accountancy
Story Writing
Journalism (Freelance)
Salesmanship
Advertising
English, Arith.
Livestock Breedg.
Soil/Farm Crops
Dairy Farming
Herd Testers
Handwriting
Showcard and Ticket Writing
Dressmaking & Designing
Nurses' Entrance
Commercial Art
Drawing/Sketchg.
Fashion Illustr.
Caric., Cartooning
General Educ.
University Exams.
Eng'nrg (Motor, Diesel, Radio).

Stotts Correspondence College

109 Russell St., Melb.; 149 Castlereagh St., Sydney; 290 Adelaide St., Brisbane; 21 Grenfell St., Adelaide.

POST THIS COUPON

To STOTT'S: I should like full details of your course/s in

.....

MY NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

(A.W.W.452) ..... AGE .....

New York wardrobe

On this page "Miss Kangaroo," Sydney model Loretta North, shows some of the clothes she brought back from America.

Loretta toured the U.S. and Canada to publicise the film "Kangaroo." Her clothes are size 10, bought ready-made in New York.

TWO-PIECE short evening frock has a black velvet top and four skirts—a basic nylon taffeta and two pleated nylon. The overskirt of stiffened nylon net is appliqued with black velvet. Lord and Taylor.

STOVEPIPE white twill pants are saddle-stitched in black and have a back zipper and pocket. The halter-necked top is of cyclamen cotton fuji. The outfit is from Saks.

BLACK velvet belt and buttons give interest to this afternoon frock of black-and-white grosgrain. It has its own buckram petticoat. The bag was bought with the dress at Bonwit Teller.

AMERICAN LOOK in a cherry-red corded silk late-afternoon dress from Bonwit Teller. Length is 14 inches from the ground. The shoes are suede and jet-studded nylon mesh.

UNUSUAL HOSTESS SUIT is from Tailored Woman. The narrow-legged pants are of midnight-blue velvet and the calf-length belted coat is of hydrangea-blue nylon striped with gold. The coat is flared and has a self belt.

NEW! "Fiesta"

—a new Feast of flavours!

Four exciting new centres! Twelve finest-quality chocolates in this new Mac. Robertson ¼-lb. chocolate block! "Fiesta"—with ripe cherries, whole almonds, milky coconut and garden honey—all richly coated with Mac. Robertson's pure MILK CHOCOLATE.

Made by Mac Robertson

The Great Name in Confectionery.

MF22

Tissot No. 86277 in solid 9 ct. gold or stainless steel.

Machined to *1000TH Part of a Millimetre!*

If you could imagine a human hair split into 20 parts you would have some idea of the incredible precision with which Tissot watches are made.

Every Tissot is a masterpiece of absolute accuracy, backed by a fine Swiss name which has had the confidence of the world for almost a century.

See the range of Tissot watches at your jewellers today.

SINCE 1853

Tissot SWISS WATCHES

SOLD AND SERVICED BY FINE JEWELLERS IN EVERY FREE COUNTRY OF THE WORLD

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Longer wear in every pair..

THE PERFECT PLAY-WEAR for active young Australians

With their extra warmth, comfort and durability, jodhpurs are the ideal all-round garment for hard-playing youngsters of all ages.

DENNISTON GUARANTEED GARMENT

Made with care for longer wear

And the symbol of top quality in jodhpurs is the Dencraft seal of quality. This famous seal is placed only on garments conforming to strict standards of workmanship and made from double-duty cloths specially woven in the maker's own mills.

Look for the Dencraft seal on a complete range of men's and boys' wear, as well as jodhpurs for the whole family.

Members of the famous Dencraft family of top-value clothing.

DC10

Dencraft JODHPURS

Paris sponsors classic hair styles

SWIRL CURLS. Roger Flore's triangular coiffure (above), is an all-occasions affair with the softened look. It is achieved with hair of in-between length, and may also be worn with a small chignon on the neck.

TEMPLE FRINGE. Brief, brushed coif of soft curves and a tiny fringe over the temples (right) are Rene Rambeau's suggestion for a casual and practical young-looking style.

"My Doctor told me about ANACIN"

BEAT COLDS AND 'FLU with ANACIN

Not only faster action—but extra ingredient reduces fever

Stop colds and 'flu this winter — keep Anacin handy. Here is an anti-pain remedy which is completely different from all others. Anacin is just like a doctor's prescription because it contains not one, two or three ingredients—but is a scientific combination of FOUR medically proven ingredients.

That alone is a very good reason for buying Anacin, but when you realize that the FOURTH ingredient is Quinine—*which reduces fever*—then you can see why no other anti-pain remedy can give you both the protection and relief you get from Anacin. Anacin is the largest-selling anti-pain remedy in the United States of America, and many other countries.

A2-2

TAKE YOUR CHOICE

POWDERS

TABLETS

ANACIN REGISTERED TRADE MARK

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★ Paris stylists forecast the continuance of snug hairstyles for autumn and winter. Whether you wear your hair quite short with duck-tail ends or longer with a bustle-back, the small head still sets the shape of fashion. Popular hair length for everyday wear is the one called "happy medium." Feathers, jewels, velvet, ribbon, and tulle share head room in glamorous evening coiffures. Study this group of hairstyles for ideas in soft and tailored headlines.

From MARCELLE POIRIER, in Paris

SHORT hairstyles have once again won the day in Paris. Even when the hair is not cut it is generally dressed to give an illusion of shortness.

The majority of Continental hairdressers have taken their inspiration from the styles of ancient Greece. Elegant young women this year look like Grecian goddesses.

The hair is swept up and away from the brow and the nape of the neck to mass at the back of the crown. Soft ring curls and finger waves are used to get these effects.

Although the nape of the neck is not encumbered by heavy curls and the hair at the back is cut very short, there is nothing mannish about the styles.

The hair is always dressed in soft wispy curls which soften the line without blurring the outline of the head.

With hats leaving the back of the head completely uncovered, this line is important. The mass of curls towards the crown helps to support the forward-tilted hats.

Simple lines best

Where the hair is long it is swept upwards and overlapped at the back to give the necessary sculptured look. The front is dressed in soft waves and curls. However, the chignon is much less in evidence than it was a few months ago.

More and more beauty and fashion houses are collaborating on hairdressing trends.

For Jean Desses' mannequins, Jean Clement has created a style with soft shell-shaped coils over the ears to balance the side width of the hats.

This style is a shorter, softer version of the old "earphone" style of 20 years ago.

It was Jacques Fath who asked Georgel to create original hairstyles to suit the personality of each of his mannequins.

These styles range from exotic chignons placed high on the crown of the head to Grecian curl styles and a large soft under-roll which goes from temple to temple, dipping softly at the back.

Fernand Aubry also favors styles which sweep back from the brow with classical severity to mass in curls high at the back. A tiny "ornament" hat is in nearly every case a part of the hairstyle.

For evening, arabesque shapes in velvet and satin, often intertwined with gold or heavily encrusted with jewels, mingle with the curls. Feathers are tucked into the hair or attached to bands which fit like clips over the head.

Flowers mixed with veiling are used for both afternoon and evening decorations. Balmain pins a bow with long edges at the back of a simple hairstyle designed for young girls.

To stress the Grecian aspect of the coiffures, rhinestone necklaces are often wound round the curls on the crown of the head, or are sometimes worn like a tiara with a pendant over the brow.

Young girls hold curls back off the face by a broad ribbon bandeau.

These new high-at-the-back styles necessitate a special cut.

The hair must be cut in three different lengths: three inches long at the front and on top of the head, two inches for the layer of hair beneath, and only an inch and a quarter at the nape of the neck.

Continual brushing upwards and backwards not only keeps the hair in good condition but trains it to fall naturally into the new line.

Antoine, of Paris, who is perhaps the world's most highly publicised hair-stylist, calls his version of the moulded head the coup-du-vent (puff of wind).

He says that he achieves the effect by effleurage—feathering hair-ends and shaping the remainder into smooth flowing lines.

Antoine again demonstrates his flair for being different by varying his coup-du-vent haircut for blondes and brunettes. For dark-haired clients he styles a sleek adaptation of the style, and he gives blond heads a softer outline.

So long as hair is healthy and shining, young people usually wear the latest hairstyles prettily.

The older woman, whose hair is apt to be thinner round the hairline, needs to be increasingly selective in her choice of both hairdresser and hair-do.

It is helpful to remember that a too-elaborate hairstyle usually fails to have any design of its own, and detracts from the face it is intended to flatter.

Hair that is clipped too short and thinned out too much is hard on anyone's looks, especially when the hair is fair or white, thus affording no contrast to the skin.

SHORT CRINOLINE. Georgel leaves the hair shorter (above), parts it in the middle, and sweeps it into bunches above the temples. Centre parting is a good style note this year for those who find it becoming.

SWING OF CURLS. Ancient Grecian design (above) inspired this hair style by Pierre and Rene. Soft ring curls sweep upwards and backwards, leaving the brow uncovered and the nape of the neck free. Top hair is smooth and flat.

BOUFFANT CHIGNON. Hair shaped smoothly over the crown of the head has hair-ends swept back towards the nape of the neck for a chignon effect. Featured as "long hair," the approximate length is 1½in. at the nape of the neck.

WINGED CLASSIC. A pretty and simple hair-do is achieved by Schwar with semi-short hair brushed high at the temples and falling into half-curls around the hairline. The back hair moulds the head like a helmet.

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SOMETHING WONDERFUL HAS HAPPENED TO FACE CREAM!

Ardena Vitamin Cream

BY ELIZABETH ARDEN

AND SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL WILL HAPPEN TO YOU!

There's generous help for every type of skin in Ardena Vitamin Cream—Elizabeth Arden's simple, soothing, satisfactory answer to so many feminine problems that at one time seemed insoluble.

A rich, luxurious emollient, it is especially recommended for a thin and mature skin . . . for the delicate areas about the eyes and mouth where tiny surface lines, the result of dryness, are apt to develop. Use Ardena Vitamin Cream for the general care of the skin which needs to be especially pampered to guard against the march of time. It softens, smooths and helps refresh the skin and it is so delightfully rich in consistency, so reassuringly fragrant and so pleasant to use that a treatment with this amazing cream is a really delightful experience. Use it and watch those fine lines and dangerous dry areas seem to melt away.

Ardena Vitamin Cream . . . 28/- and 47/-.

Elizabeth Arden

LONDON • NEW YORK • PARIS • SYDNEY

Worth Reporting

TYPEWRITER maintenance girls who make monthly visits to offices don't need to be able to read palms. One servicing of a typewriter will tell them all that they want to know about its user.

A former typist turned maintenance girl, Mavis Kenny, of Strathfield, Sydney, is always prepared for trouble when the user is in the throes of giving up smoking. "They have to take it out on something, and the something's the typewriter," she told us.

A turn for the better in affairs of the heart can have a salutary effect on the machine. "I've never seen a typewriter deteriorate so quickly as one did after a certain broken engagement," Mavis said.

Creative people such as advertising copy writers, radio script-writers, and journalists are hardest on their machines, people with routine or copying jobs easiest.

Glamor secretaries with long fingernails are no friends of the maintenance girls. Machines take on something of the temperament of their owners, and that of a highly strung person will develop jumps and jitters, too.

A typewriter used by a man as a rule requires less maintenance than one used by a woman. This is due, Mavis thinks, to the fact that women let their emotions get tangled up with their typewriters, while men don't.

The foreign bodies Mavis has extracted from typewriters from time to time have included earrings, chewing-gum, peanut shells, and a false fingernail.

* * *

MEMBERS of a boys' club in New York's notoriously tough East Side are being taught to sew. The sugar coating the pill?—The repairing of baseball gloves, team uniforms, and athletic pennants. The pill? The mending of their own torn trousers and replacing of lost buttons to lighten the harassed East Side mother's burden.

A NOTICE in a Melbourne bootmaker's reads: "Extended credit will only be given to people of 80 years and over and then only when accompanied by their parents."

Home delivery for sculptor

WE cannot think of a more happily situated sculptor than Gerald Lewers, of Sydney.

He is a director of a firm which specialises in mining engineering, construction, and surveying. He is thus in a position to have delivered to his door even the heaviest piece of rock or timber that might take his fancy.

His recently exhibited "Flight of Birds" in black bean wood has been bought by the Forestry Commission of New South Wales for 350 guineas. It is the Commission's first purchase of a work of art.

Bean wood, native to Australia, was the wood used for the carving of the new Speaker's chair in the British House of Commons, which was the gift of Australia. It is found only in the coastal areas of northern N.S.W. and southern Queensland.

After being on display at the Sydney Royal Show, it will tour the country towns of New South Wales with a Commission exhibit.

"Although bean wood is used for good furniture and panelling, I don't think it has been used before by a sculptor," Mr. Lewers said.

Mr. Lewers, who is also a geologist, said that the Australian sculptor has at hand the most interesting stones and woods in the world. Recently he has been working with colored Hawkesbury sandstone, found in cliffs around Sydney and the Blue Mountains, and particularly in the Hawkesbury River basin.

He is at present engaged on a commissioned stone figure for the National University, Canberra, which is to be named "Repose." It will stand outside the amenities block, and is being cut from a piece of stone weighing 8½ tons.

Protege of Jacques Fath

JACQUES FATH'S Australian pupil, 23-year-old Fred Baxter, of Perth, Western Australia, has just shown his first collection for the newly established London couture house of Clayton-Newberry.

Anne Matheson, of our London staff, saw the collection with Mrs. Madge Garland, Professor of Fashion at the Royal College of Fashion, London.

Said Mrs Garland: "This young Australian has the courage to design clothes that are very simple, unadorned, and depending on their pure line for effect. It is the very essence of good dressing."

Fred plans to return to Paris each season. "I still think Paris is the inspiration of all designers, and will always be the real home of fashion," he said. "But I will design and work in London, where good classic lines steady the movement of fashions."

He and another Australian, interior decorator Peter Hurst, of Sydney, share a house in Chelsea.

* * *

YOU can pipe down about that interesting allergy. An English dachshund now resident in Australia, Trudi Narijke, has a proved allergy to sheeps' tongues. One morsel, and it's a case of send for the vet.

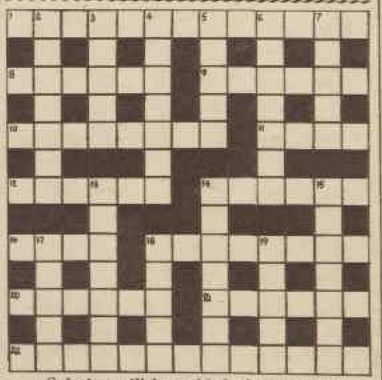
Nursing corps for girls

HEADMISTRESSES of some English girls' schools are suggesting that their older pupils be allowed to start some sort of nursing training before they leave school, just as boys start their military training in cadet corps.

Practical work in hospitals might not be as easy to arrange as cadet camps for boys, but such periods might prove a great help to over-worked hospital staffs.

The headmistresses feel that under present conditions the longer a girl stays at school the farther her studies divert her from a profession in which new members are so badly needed.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Lived? (4, 2, 3, 4).
8. Short science paper quantity in yell (6).
9. Songbird of little sister family (6).
10. Sailor and 1 caper in continuance (8).
11. Presage which sounds as a solemn address to humanity (4).
12. Make hostile as canvas (6).
14. Assembly be obliged to turn back (6).
16. Land measure in race (4).
18. Toady by a place (8).
20. Keeper of royal park first phoned (6).
21. Consented with a sharp yearning (6).
22. West had no rest. (Anagr. 5, 2, 5).

DOWN

2. Nightmare in unpolished youth and us (7).
3. Remove errors where men are in the centre (5).
4. In no jam. (anagr., 7).
5. Heats in hurry (5).
6. Starlings who can be ministers in charge of a church (7).
7. She in glow (5).
13. He who inflicts retribution is to be found mainly in Geneva (7).
14. Anything this woman does must be fishy, or at least a part of it (7).
15. Situated at either end, but not moderate (7).
17. One hundred eruption of the skin fall to earth (5).
18. Italian city famous for its violets (5).
19. Such man is a stuffed effigy (5).

S	O	F	T	A	M	A	N	D	A
L	O	N	G	A	A	M	N		
E	R	R	A	T	I	C	B	I	P
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P	R	E	E	N	W	O	B	B	L
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A	E	L	E	S	E	E	S		
C	U	D	E	A	R	T	E	R	S

Solution to last week's crossword

Solution will be published next week

Did you PROTEX yourself this morning?

Stay as fresh as a breeze with Protex, the deodorant Complexion Soap with the clean bushland fragrance. Protex is medicated to guard against offending, and infection. Protex is the soap for all the family.

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Jantzen's

"BEAU BRUMMEL" WAISTCOAT

is big news this year

Scottish plaids tailored in the London manner from 100% merino-wool

Soft? Wait till you feel one

Warm? Wait till you wear one

Bright? Bright if you want it that way, quiet if you prefer it: Briar, mid-grey, green, stone-grey, blue

The classic cardigan that doubles for a sports-coat . . . Jantzen's "CARDICOAT" is yours in long-wearing Wildman-Rib (pure merino wool through and through), with pintucked pockets, fully-lined border. All the sizes, nine new colors.

It's a great year for Jantzen knitteds

SEE THE AMERICAN TWO-TONES, THE BEAU-BRUMMEL WAISTCOAT, THE NEW RANGE OF CARDIGAN COLORS

Jantzen's Jacquard Tweedknit starring windowpane checks, taped, non-gape pockets, reinforced buttonhole borders and flex-seam shoulder construction add up to long years of wear. Seven colors.

The zipped sports jacket teams Wildman-Rib with 100% merino wool, in five well-matched color combinations. All the sizes and all the Jantzen "extras"... as reinforced pockets, an open-end zip, a non-stretch border.

Jantzen

Finely tailored for perfect fit

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CREST HOME PERMANENT IS MY BEAUTY SECRET. I KNOW THAT IT'S MORE GENTLE THAN OTHER PERMANENTS BECAUSE **IT LEAVES MY HAIR SO MUCH SOFTER AND WONDERFULLY EASY TO MANAGE**

Lovely
A.N.A.
Hostess
Muriel Meek

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Crest was developed for Australian conditions — surfing, swimming, days of wind and sun.

Crest gives you a self-setting perm . . . lasts till the day it's cut off.

Crest comes in three sizes—The Full Kit, the Refill and the Junior Kit (the only Junior Kit complete with curlers.)

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Should your Crest Home Permanent Wave Kit not live up to the claims made for it in this advertisement, the purchase price will be readily refunded. Simply write, supplying details and enclosing the empty box.

Prove it FREE See for yourself what Crest can do for your hair. Write your name and address on a slip of paper enclosing a 3" or 4" lock of your hair. Mail to Crest Advisory Bureau, Box 4100, G.P.O., Sydney. 2.4.52

CREST—CHOICE OF A.N.A. HOSTESSES

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Does YOUR child hate Arithmetic?
"Betty and Jim Learn Sixth Grade Arithmetic"
by DONALD McLEAN.
7/6 *Makes it much more interesting!* 7/6
SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS
Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide

JESSIE MATTHEWS coaches two members of the cast of a children's play she staged in England recently (above). At left are Jessie and her adopted daughter Catherine, who will accompany her to Australia.

Jessie will play dramatic role here

But she will sing some of her old hit tunes

By BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

Jessie Matthews will arrive in Australia in the Stratheden in May to tour the country in the starring role of the Somerset Maugham play "Larger Than Life," which opens in Melbourne on June 23.

The former musical comedy star of films and stage is now embarking on straight dramatic roles, and the part is one that will give her ample scope.

WITH an eye for the public's film memories, the producers are persuading Jessie to include two or three of her greatest hit songs at relevant points in the plot. The play is a satire on theatrical life.

Jessie may stay in Australia to star in a hit play from America, "Happy Birthday," in which Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne scored a success on Broadway.

There is also a possibility that she and her husband may make their home there.

The vivacity which made Jessie Matthews a great star is still there. She looks at least ten years younger than her real age — 44 — and if there is less of the high-kicking, spirit-of-youth gamin the world fell in love with — first in "Evergreen," then in "It's Love Again," "First a Girl," and "The Good Companions" — there is now maturity and warmth.

Her talent, which made her the world's biggest name in film musical comedies in the '30's, would have in the ordinary course of things kept her fresh in the public eye as a world idol still.

But bad luck dogged her, causing her to call on all her courage to surmount her difficulties.

I saw Jessie in her home in Farnham, Surrey, above a busy main street. Her husband, Brian Lewis, a stalwart, good-looking ex-officer, runs one of Farnham's most popular pubs — The Alliance.

Jessie was nursing a strained wrist and a torn shoulder, but she insisted on pouring tea, left-handed. "We were fooling about," she explained, laughing. "Brian lifted me and whirled me round. Two days later I couldn't lift my arm.

"Otherwise, I keep limber. But I don't intend to keep on reappearing as a dancer. I know dancing better than I know anything in the world because I began as a baby. I can still kick above my head at the drop of a hat.

"I could rehearse for a show to-morrow and still give it everything I ever had," she said.

"But I'm not going to. Not for a long show, with eight performances a week, plus rehearsals. At my age, that's just commonsense.

"I'm doing what other musical comedy stars have accomplished with great success — Gertrude Lawrence and Jack Buchanan, for instance.

"I'm leaving gymnastics on the stage to younger ones and moving over to concentrate more on straight parts. That's where the future points for people like me."

Those with film memories stretching back to the '30's may have a mental image of a pair of big brown eyes and a brunette bob. But her eyes are hazel; her hair is reddish-brown. It was a film-camera lie. What the cameras didn't lie about is her personality—vibrant, lively, never-keep-still as ever.

Jessie has appeared since the war in several straight theatre roles. Each time the critics have been enthusiastic. Three years ago she returned to doing a musical, "Maid to Measure," and to a fantastic personal success.

Rarely has the West End known the delirium which marked the opening night.

Several times — at least five or six — she tried to go on with her opening number. Each time the applause stopped her. Finally, the conductor had to turn round and hush the audience.

The critics gave her rave notices the next day.

And yet — Jessie's new musical had only a short run.

Why? She gave a helpless shrug. "I don't know. The backers didn't continue with it. The show came off."

That was her last big musical fling, her last high-kicking gesture to show she could do it. From then on she has concentrated on what is important for her present and future—acting.

Long ago, at the height of her film success, Jessie Matthews adopted a baby girl. She took the place of the baby Jessie had lost. There was much talk that the grief of this has overshadowed her whole career.

Jessie denies this. "Everything in my life has been magnified as though I lived under a lens.

"They've always made too much of everything, whether it was illness, unhappy ending to marriage [she divorced Sonny Hale after thirteen years], or adopting a baby.

"For me, Catherine has long ago ceased to be anything but my real daughter. Throughout my career my only illnesses have been appendicitis and those caused by the loss of two babies. Any other illness was caused simply by overwork.

"You don't work from dawn till late at night, sometimes for months on end, without having to rest or bust.

"And, once or twice, I bust."

When her husband opened his pub in Farnham last year, the opening night was something of a riot. The bar was crammed with rubbernecks and celebrity-hunters. Jessie and Brian Lewis were horrified. Her round, child-like eyes still pop at the recollection.

"I think they took me for a public peepshow! I fled upstairs! I was very glad to leave for a repertory season in Oxford till the place simmered down.

"Eventually, Brian built up his own clientele of 'regulars' who dropped in for their beer and darts. They had made it their 'local' and they didn't want to goggle at me.

"My husband can't go out to Australia on the tour with me because he is still building up and running the business. But I'm taking Catherine," she said.

Her daughter is now 17, a pretty, dark-haired art student. She is a little worried about interrupting her art studies at Farnham, and told me: "I hope I can go to classes wherever my mother is touring. I don't want to miss my exams."

Jessie was so interested in Australia that I asked: "Are you aiming to settle there?"

It caught her midway in a sentence. She stopped, and hedged thoughtfully. "Well," she said, "Brian has been asking me to write what it's all like—for opportunities and so forth. And I've been thinking of all that sunshine.

"We might, you know. We just MIGHT!"

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Romance of "Snake" and "Cigs"

Sporting peer weds heiress

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

Popping of champagne corks as the guests toasted Lord and Lady Savernake at their wedding reception at Mentone on the French Riviera signalled the happy ending of a modern romance.

LORD AND LADY SAVERNAKE, whose wedding at Mentone aroused world interest, photographed at the reception. Their first toast was to the Mayor of Mentone, who married them.

THE bride, 19-year-old tobacco heiress, Edwina de Winton Wills, bore a name familiar to millions.

The bridegroom, 25-year-old Viscount Savernake, ex-Horse Guards officer, is the son of the Earl of Cardigan. One of his ancestors led the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava in the Crimean War.

Edwina's father, Lieut.-Col. Edward de Winton Wills, had objected to the marriage because she was too young.

But after a meeting with the bridegroom's father, Papa Wills gave his formal consent and the couple were married at the Town Hall, Mentone, by the Mayor.

Lord Savernake calls his bride "Cigs." Her pet name for him is "Snake."

It was a very happy Edwina, dressed in light blue silk with white polka dots and with a bracelet of small pearls as her only jewellery, who slipped a mink coat on for the civil ceremony.

On the sun-drenched terrace of the Villa Oiseau Bleu, home of the bride's uncle, Major George Wills, where the reception was held, the young couple told their story with lovebirds chirping in a cage near by, and their friends toasting them in champagne.

They arrived at their reception in an old taxi, obviously very happy and very much in love.

"I fell in love with Michael straight away,' Lady Savernake said. "Then we began meeting often at the Princess de Chimay's home, and I knew I wasn't going to change my mind."

Lord Savernake who "disappeared" for the few days when Papa Wills' consent was in the balance, said he had been no farther away from his Edwina than Nice.

Popular "Discount Haversack," as he was called when he left the Guards and became a furniture salesman, is a typical young-man-around-town with a small income and in search of a career.

He is well known on the dog tracks. He owns Measured Gate, which has done well at the White City, London's important dog-racing course.

While looking around for a career, Lord Savernake was once reported to be considering taking up bookmaking.

Now he intends to start stock broking in the City of London.

Lady Savernake, who is dark and not very tall, has written several short stories.

Before she married she had hopes that writing might be her career.

Granddaughter of the millionaire tobacco magnate Sir Ernest Wills, Lady Savernake's father is heir to the family fortune.

Edwina, who is the second daughter, was educated at a school at Bath.

The Wills "dynasty" was founded in Bristol, and near there Grandfather Wills lives in a haunted house, "Littlecot," an Elizabethan mansion. The haunted room is sometimes used by house guests for a bet.

Edwina was sent to a finishing school in Bonn, Germany. She speaks French and German fluently.

At the wedding Lord Savernake had the question "Will you take this woman to be your lawful wife?" put to him twice in French by the 76-year-old Mayor of Mentone, M. Parranthon, before he understood it.

Lawyer George Doughty, who had brought Edwina's papa's consent to the wedding, and an admonition with it, had to prompt the bridegroom twice.

Edwina's "Oui, Monsieur le Maire" came clearly and firmly.

The Mayor finished the ceremony by giving the pair a "Family Booklet" handed to all French couples. It has space for the names of 12 children.

At the reception the first toast from the bride and bridegroom was for the Mayor. They next toasted Uncle George, who, besides holding the reception at his villa, had applied for dispensation of the marriage banns, and also encouraged his determined niece to persist with a request for permission to marry.

"Waiting for her papa's consent has been a strain on us, too," said one of their closest friends.

Being under age, the bouncy Edwina could not marry her titled sweetheart without her father's consent. But when the parents got together in a friendly fashion, Edwina's father gave his permission.

His solicitor then flew off to France with the letter, and the admonition that she was too young.

None of the couple's friends felt that Papa Wills need have had any fears. "Why, they are perfectly suited to each other," one of them said.

It is said it was the Earl of Cardigan's story of his own first marriage that convinced Colonel Wills it was much better to give his consent, and take a chance on the couple knowing their own minds, than, by withholding it, to force them, perhaps, into a secret marriage.

That, explained the Earl, was how he married Lord Savernake's mother.

When the Earl of Cardigan was a 19-year-old undergraduate at Oxford in 1924 he met the lovely intellectual 18-year-old Joan Salter, daughter of an architect, at a college dance.

Joan met the young Earl as "Mr. Cardigan" and as Mr. Cardigan she fell in love with him.

"But even when Joan knew I had a title and position it made no difference to our love," the Earl told the tobacco magnate.

"There was so much opposition from both sides," said the Earl, "that we married secretly."

And as Mr. and Mrs. Cardigan the Oxford undergrad and his beautiful wife lived quietly and secretly for a whole year before the news was broken to the father of the Earl and the parents of young Lady Cardigan.

Two years after the secret marriage the present Lord Savernake was born.

There were two sons of the Earl's first marriage. The first Countess of Cardigan died in 1937. She was buried five miles out at set by her husband, who strewed the waves with deep red roses. That was her wish.

New Knitting Book

The Australian Women's Weekly 1952 Knitting Book is now on sale.

IT offers more than 50 new designs, all of them illustrated in rotogravure. Many are in color.

Some of the styles were designed in Sweden. Most are direct from Paris.

Complete, easy-to-follow directions are given for all garments, which include sophisticated and sports knitteds for the smart woman, soft styles for the teenager, snug woollies for the new baby, and winter wear for the man of the house and the schoolboy and schoolgirl.

There is also a sleeping-bag for baby.

The Knitting Book costs only 2/-. It is available at all newsagents and at our offices:

168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney; 24-26 Halifax Street, Adelaide; Teachers' Union Bldg., 81 Elizabeth Street, Brisbane; 71-77 Paterson Street, Launceston; Newspaper House, Collins Street, Melbourne; 34 Stirling Street, Perth; Carrington Chambers, Watt Street, Newcastle.

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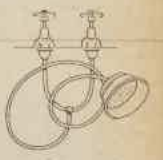
Professional Shampoo at Home

No more bending under a tap as you laboriously try to wash your hair. The "Stardom" provides a gentle spray of water which you can regulate to the temperature you desire. Get a "Stardom" Shampoo Spray today — and really enjoy your "hair do". All plastic in delicate pastel shades. Furnished with strong suction grips, the "Stardom" fits all standard hot and cold taps. A two-tap spray is priced at 10/6, post free. A single-tap spray — post free — costs only 7/-.



Shampoo Goggles

Don a pair of plastic Shampoo Goggles bound with absorbent terry cloth and you're perfectly protected. Plastic frames in soft pastel tints. Post free . . at only 7/6.

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Please send me:

Dual Spray at 10/6
Single Spray at 7/-
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Wedding Belles

BY CASHMERE BOUQUET

In brocaded satin gowns of pale-blue and white, these delightful daughters of Mr. and Mrs. N. McLaren Young of Bendigo, Victoria, made history with a second generation double wedding when Audrey wed Alex McKenzie and Jacqueline became Mrs. Ian Reid. Blue and white hyacinths completed the colour scheme.

There was a touch of magic in the make-up of both brides. Jacqueline, with her smooth olive skin, hazel eyes and dark hair against a blue mist of veil, wore Cashmere Bouquet Sungold face powder. Blonde Audrey, with blue eyes and snow white veil, chose Peche to give a glow to her creamy skin. Both know that Cashmere Bouquet face powder has a silk-sifted perfection that keeps you lovely hour after hour. Give *your* skin this bridal perfection with fragrant Cashmere Bouquet.

Cashmere Bouquet

FACE POWDER IN SIX LOVELY SHADES

RACHEL • PECHE
SUNGOLD • HONEYGOLD
HAWAIIAN TAN
DREAM ROSE

..and to give your skin a lovely fragrance

Through golden days and dancing nights you can move in a mist of enchantment, as the flower-sweet fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet whispers gently about you. You will keep fresher, feel smoother and stay daintier if you devote thirty seconds before you dress to powdering your entire body with this luxurious Talcum. Cashmere Bouquet Talcum is just as fine as face powder, and its silky smoothness banishes moisture, protects against chafing and unpleasant perspiration. Fastidious women of three generations have chosen Cashmere Bouquet Talcum for its lovely fragrance.

Cashmere Bouquet Talcum

The fragrance men love

Cashmere Bouquet Cosmetics include: LIPSTICK • ROUGE • CAKE MAKE-UP • FACE POWDER • COMPLEXION LOTION POWDER BASE

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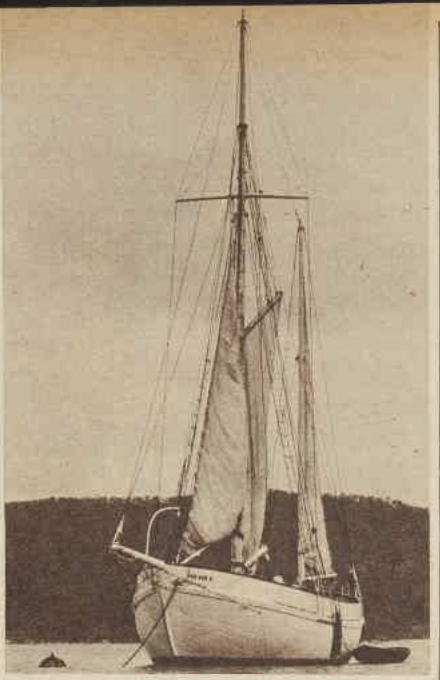
NORWEGIAN CAPTAIN Birger Bryhn and his wife, Margit, in the cockpit of Ho Ho II. Their seven-year-old son, Sigurd, balances on the boom with an ease acquired in two years at sea. The Bryhns plan to settle in Australia and send Sigurd to school.



HO HO II at anchor at Pittwater, near Sydney, after a two-year sail round the world. A 53ft. gaff-rigged ketch, she was sturdily built for Captain Bryhn on the lines of a Norwegian lifesaving boat.

Family's two-year cruise round world

By BETTY BEST, staff reporter

After two years of sailing round the world in their 53-foot ketch Ho Ho II, Captain Birger Bryhn, his wife, Margit, and their two children, Sigurd and Marja, have come to anchor in the peaceful waters of Pittwater, at the mouth of the Hawkesbury River, near Sydney.

THE Bryhns are Norwegians of seafaring families. Their 38,000-mile trip was to them not so much an adventure as a most obvious way of spending two years.

When they set sail from Drammen, Norway, on New Year's Eve, 1949, young Sigurd was only five years old; Knut, their other son, now

on trading ships in the Mediterranean, was, at 17, a fully fledged member of the crew; and Marja was just beginning her sailing life at 19.

Captain Bryhn, who says he can't remember a time when he was not living in ships, made a world cruise between 1933 and 1937 on his previous ship Ho Ho I.

He gained valuable experience in Australasian waters when Ho Ho I set out in search of the world's then biggest sailing ship Copenhagen, which had disappeared in the South Pacific Ocean.

"That trip not only taught me how beautiful the Pacific Ocean could be," said Captain Bryhn, "but it made me determined to build another Ho Ho and return here some day."

The present Ho Ho was designed by the world-famous marine architect Bjarne Aas on the lines of Norwegian lifesaver sailing ships.

Captain Bryhn proudly describes his service in these ships as "the best job I have ever done."

"People should know more of our record," he told me.

"It is really something to be able to say that these lifeboats have saved 3000 lives along the Norwegian coast — always under sail."

Once aboard Ho Ho II this is not difficult to believe.

Built of strong, serviceable timbers, she has a 17½ft. beam and a 60ft. mainmast.

All her equipment, from sails to handrails, looks huge in comparison with most of the yachts around the Australian coast.

Mrs. Bryhn manages the family's domestic life aboard without any trouble, although she admits that she missed the spaciousness of their two-storied home for the first week or so.

"When my husband told me that we must leave with at least two tons of food aboard I thought I should never find that much in the whole of Norway," she said.

"Now I am so used to ordering bags of dried beans, peas, rice, fruit, and such things that it is hard to buy in small quantities from shops."

Although the Bryhns are rather sad about the idea, they plan to sell their ship and start a boarding-house — probably in Australia—so that Sigurd can go to school.

"We must start his education before he gets too wild," said Mrs. Bryhn.

"Already he is more like a monkey than a boy the way he rushes up and down the rigging and can't stop still for a minute."

"He has learnt a lot in the past two years, though.

"Even when he was five he could take his turn at the wheel for three hours at a stretch, and he has picked up something of five languages on the trip."

As I left the ship I asked Sigurd what Ho Ho meant.

In perfect English with practically no accent he called from the dinghy, "I don't know, unless it's just 'Yo Ho Ho and a bottle of rum.'"

SOUVENIR of the visitors aboard Ho Ho II during her travels is Mrs. Bryhn's hand-made tablecloth covered with their autographs. Above, Mrs. Bryhn embroiders the signatures while the captain checks the strokes with duplicates in the visitors' book.

MARJA BRYHN with the grandfather clock in the main cabin. It belonged to Captain Bryhn's great-great-grandfather.

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ANNABELLE

"Psst! Do tell me . . . Is he married?"

BUTCH

"They're nice cops. They didn't say a word about the eighteen red lights, nine stop signs, an' t'ree one-way streets."

It seems to me

By

Dorothy Drain

A GIRL running for a tram the other night was obviously dressed for a cocktail party.

She wore a dress with one long sleeve and one bare shoulder. It was a dashing outfit, and she was a good-looking girl. But as she ran for the tram she wore also a frantic look in her eye, providing an excellent illustration of the fact that certain fashions *must* be worn with calm.

Such fashions are very hard to live up to, I must say. They are the kind that I often put aside regretfully, *knowing*, for instance, that if I wore only one sleeve people would think I had left the other one at home.

Of course, the original designer of such a model probably never heard of a tram.

A friend of mine bought a suit from an exclusive London tailor. The skirt was startlingly narrow.

"But," she said, tentatively lifting up one knee, "could I get on to a bus in this?"

"In my suits, madame," said the tailor coldly, "you take a taxi."

Nevertheless, I think there's no need to have such a practical outlook on new clothes as another woman I know. When she buys a dress she always considers how it will look with a string bag.

* * *

I DO so sympathise with King Baudouin, of Belgium, and so will everyone else who wears glasses.

Officials cannot agree whether he should go on stamps with or without his glasses. One school says the horn-rims would spoil the stamps; the other says that he should appear as he always *is*.

If I may presume to advise Royalty, may I suggest that the King settles for the glasses. My philosophy may be summed up as:

"In the run of events it's wiser by far
To look in a picture as crook as you are."

* * *

THOSE murmurings you hear in the treetops have a special significance lately.

They're the indignant mutterings of all the imported trees after the statement made by Alderman A. K. Jones in the Sydney City Council.

He was moving the rejection of a recommendation that 12 oak and elm trees be obtained from Royal Family parklands for planting in Sandringham Garden, Hyde Park, Sydney.

Ald. Jones said he thought it would be much more fitting if some good Australian trees were planted.

"For too long we have looked overseas for guidance and, although we like to take the lead from England, we can get too much. . . . There are some wonderful Australian trees far superior to any we can import," he said.

"Our ancestors were here as soon as his," all the British migrant trees round the place are reported as saying.

Other new Australians, such as jacarandas, while not fearing a purge, find the dry, superior sniffs of the eucalypt family rather hard to take.

THE Minister for External Affairs, Mr. R. G. Casey, is not the first politician to say "The honeymoon is over," but it is to be hoped that he is the last.

The sentence is always used to indicate dismal times ahead, and certainly casts a dreary light on the institution of marriage.

Mr. Casey was addressing a rally of Young Liberals in Melbourne, and part of his speech ran: "The honeymoon is over. We have been living in a fool's paradise for a long time, and now, if we want to survive, we've got to come down to earth and work."

He was advocating that patriotic Australians offer to do five hours' unpaid work a week in a job of national importance.

These ideas often sound all right, but, though there are many people who do splendid voluntary work for projects in their own districts, it would be difficult to arouse the same spirit on a national scale.

Incidentally, party lines seem to be thoroughly crossed these days. The Liberal Party once stood or fell by the profit motive as an incentive. But times change, and parties change with them.

* * *

DOUBTS raised in Britain on whether compulsory homework for schoolchildren is legal have posed a problem.

The Law Committee of the National Teachers' Union has raised the doubts, and its newspaper advises teachers thus:

"Because of the uncertainty of the legal position, it would be unwise for the headmaster of any school to insist openly that homework is to be done by each and every pupil."

Far from hampering homework, this discovery, if used astutely, may do much to encourage it.

"Here you are, Smiggins Minor," says the master, speaking in a hoarse whisper out of the corner of his mouth, "there's some pretty stiff algebra here for to-night. Do it in the gang hideout, and keep your eyes skinned for the cops. I have a notion your father found the last lot of your homework so hard that he might have squealed."

* * *

FILM actor Errol Flynn is suing Canadian millionaire Duncan McMartin for £80,000 damages. Flynn says McMartin hit him on the head in a hotel bar. He said there was no provocation, but that he had a feeling McMartin didn't like him —"a feeling that was stronger now."

It's curious the way that a sensitive sort
Can pick up a notion, goodness knows where—
Perhaps by some subtle transference of thought
Or the teeniest chill in the atmosphere—
That he's just not exactly—what shall we say?—
Persona grata or in accord
With some other fellow, who seems to convey
That the first one's company leaves him bored.

It's regarded by some as a fair enough guide
(And very much sooner done than said)
That the feeling becomes intensified
When expressed by a good smart crack on the head.

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D 282

DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● A new suit silhouette is a short bolero, centre-buttoned, and cut to dip slightly at the back. The jacket is worn with a wide or moderately wide skirt and would be a perfect suit for the bride-to-be who writes:

"I HOPE you will assist me in designing a suit in which to be married. The wedding party will consist of 12 people. Would a tailored design be correct? I am just 20, medium height, and a trifle thin, bust 34in. I have 3½yds. of wool in junior navy. I would like the style with a white blouse."

The design I have chosen for your suit (illustrated at right) features one of the new bolero-type jackets finished with a soft cape-collar. The skirt bells out from a slim hipline. I choose the design because it is new, young, and feminine, and such an important occasion warrants a dressier suit than a plain classic. A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. The blouse is included in the pattern. Complete, the price is 4/6. The panel on this page will tell you where and how to order.

Smart stole

"I HAVE just finished making a grey woollen cardigan suit with a narrow skirt and think it looks too plain at the neckline. I wondered if you would suggest some kind of trimming."

My suggestion is a matching stole. It's an attractive complement to a slim cardigan suit and will not only soften the top but give importance to the silhouette. The size depends on your own proportions, but make it fairly long and it can be draped to suit your figure.

DRESS SENSE PATTERNS

WHEN ordering a paper pattern for the design illustrated, address letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, "Dress Sense," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Enclose the illustration of the design, and cost of pattern, 4/6.

Be sure to give full address, including the State you live in, and also supply size.

C.O.D. ORDERS WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED.

I will be glad to advise you in my column on any fashion problem.

Lace trimming

"DO you think fine white lace about 1½in. wide could be used to trim a black net ballerina-length evening frock?"

Black and white is good dramatic fashion, particularly for formal fashion. Have the net dress made with a wide-cut neck, minute sleeves, and a billowing skirt, and the lace crossed and barred on the bodice and worked into points below the waist, suggesting a slight over-blouse line.

Color scheme

"I WOULD like your advice about a suitable color scheme for daytime for a woman with white hair and a youngish face."

Grey with red accents is a flattering and current color combination for a woman with white hair. For instance, a charcoal-grey suit or classic wool dress could be worn with a small flame-red or raspberry-red hat and matching handbag, plus grey shoes and gloves.

CAPE-COLLARED BOLERO SUIT AND BLOUSE, obtainable in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material for suit and 2yds. 36in. material for blouse. Price, 4/6.

Versatile outfit

"AS I am not at all a suit type, I would like an idea for an outfit to wear from autumn through the winter. I am in my thirties and am fond of black with a color."

My suggestion is a jacket ensemble. In fact, you could have a basic dress and two jackets. Have the dress in fine black wool, belted with patent leather, buttoned from waist to throat, and finished with a tiny standing collar. Have the sleeves above elbow and cuffed, the skirt slim. Have one jacket an abbreviated bolero reaching just below the bustline, made in pink wool, the other boxy and hip length, made in beige tweed. The former could be worn in autumn, the latter in winter.

Spicy brown

"I HAVE a pale grey flannel suit for winter and wondered if you could assist me by suggesting a smart color for my shoes and handbag."

Benedictine, a warm spicy brown inspired by the famed liqueur, is a very new accent color for pale grey.

Fashion FROCKS

"BABETTE"

● NOTE: No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 55.

"BABETTE."—An infant's layette, attractively designed in good quality white flannelette. The layette includes frock, nightgown, slip, matinee jacket, and pilchers, and is obtainable ready to wear only. Size: Infants to six month, price complete 52/6. Postage and registration 3/9 extra.

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2922

After 25 BEWARE of Dry Skin

From about 25 on the natural oil that keeps skin soft gradually decreases. Even before 40—a woman may lose as much as 20% of this oil skin needs.

Along Chin Line—you don't want matronly-looking sagging to start. To Tone Up—use thumb and fingers to pinch along from point of chin to ears with softening Pond's Dry Skin Cream.

Replacement help is at your fingertips with new Pond's Dry Skin Cream! Three features make this new cream extra softening: 1. It is rich in lanolin, most like skin's own oil. 2. It is homogenized to soak in better. 3. It has a special emulsifier.

By Night—Work plenty of Pond's new Dry Skin Cream over face, throat. Leave 5 to 15 minutes, or all night.

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become these...

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QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET

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WELCOME HOME. Jill Holland (left), of Wellington, Diana Wilkinson, Jock Henty, Betty Macdonald, and Doug Senton at the party for Gillian Galbraith, Dinah Cullen, and Ann Livingston given by Mr. and Mrs. Keith Martin at their home at Point Piper. The girls have just returned from abroad in the Strathaird.

ENGAGED. Barbara Showers, only daughter of the Flag-Officer-in-Charge in Sydney, Rear-Admiral H. A. Showers, R.A.N., and Mrs. Showers, and Graham Crouch, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Crouch, of Bellevue Hill, who have announced their engagement.

COMMANDER Kenneth Kemble and bride, who was Mrs. Peggy Fairbairn, widow of late J. V. Fairbairn, former Australian Air Minister, after London wedding.

Social Gottings

WELL-KNOWN Australian Mrs. Harry Hodson, who was formerly Margaret Honey, is in the throes of moving with her family from their lovely home in Chelsea to a flat overlooking the Thames.

Mr. Hodson is editor of "The Sunday Times." Their home in Tite Street has been the scene of many delightful parties for Australians abroad. Once the home of famous artist John Sargent, it was recently purchased by Lady Haddington.

With 16-year-old Nicholas and 14-year-old Anthony at Eton, and Daniel, aged five, at kindergarten, Mrs. Hodson can devote more time to furnishing and decorating the flat. Hear that a snow-white carpet for the main bedroom has been one of the first acquisitions, and that lots of period pieces from Tite Street will lend an air of grace to the flat.

Mrs. Hodson's mother, Mrs. Byron Beans, who has been in England for two years, and her sister, Miss Ethel Haughton, will arrive in Australia in the Dominion Monarch on June 2.

• • •

LOTS of country folk were in town for the wedding of Anne Finlay, second daughter of Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Finlay, of Marrickville, and Hugh Macneil, of Grenfell, last Tuesday. They included the Bob Holmes', of Moree, Anne's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. W. Bowman, of Goondiwindi, Jim Lomas, of Quirindi, the Brian Crowleys, of "Oreel," Merrywinebone, and Hugh's sister, Mrs. Paddy Willsallen, and her husband, of "Newgrove," Grenfell. Hugh is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Macneil, of "Struan," Grenfell.

CONSULAR PARTY. The new Consul-General for Yugoslavia, Mr. I. Njegovan, with Fay Coppleson (left), Madame V. Cerlje, wife of the retiring Consul-General, and Mrs. L. W. Coppleson at the cocktail party for Mr. and Mme. Njegovan given by Mr. and Mme. Cerlje.

THERE was a gathering of Australian doctors at the wedding of Dr. Bill Gilmour, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Gilmour, of Vaucluse, to English physiotherapist Shirley Butters at St. Mary's Church of England, Beverley, Yorkshire, on March 22. Best man was Dr. George Cranswick, and two of the guests were Dr. Ewan Sussman and Dr. John Colman, all of whom trained will Bill at Sydney Hospital. Now resident surgeon at Mansfield General Hospital, Nottingham, he plans to return to Sydney with his bride some time this year.

OLD SYDNEIAN Mr. Justice Herron, Mrs. Herron, and daughter Sue study some dolls' berets at Sydney Grammar School fete.

ALL roads lead to Hay for the Riverina "Picnics" on April 2 and 3. The wife of the president of the Riverina Picnic Race Club, Mrs. "Bindi" Robertson, has planned lovely autumn-toned decorations at the Waradgery Club, where after-race festivities will be held. Her husband's pale blue racing colors will be the color theme of the supper-room. Mr. Robertson, with his wife and the club honorary secretary, Ford Parker, of "Gre Gre" station, Hay, will receive guests at a cocktail party, followed by a ball on Wednesday evening. Waradgery Club cocktail party, with bachelor hosts Arthur Tyson, of "Corrong," Hay, and Ford Parker, will be on Thursday.

• • •

MELBOURNE friends are saying good-bye to Mrs. Robin Byrne, the lovely daughter of the Governor of Victoria, Sir Dallas Brooks, and Lady Brooks.

She will sail for England on April 5 to join Lieutenant Byrne, who flew back on March 16. He is doing a Signals course and is also house-hunting for his bride.

A prized item in his luggage was a beautifully presented color movie of his wedding to Jeanette, taken by the Lennox Hiltons, of Dandenong.

Anne

WELL-KNOWN equestrienne Mrs. Fred Chenhall (centre), Mrs. E. R. Cox, "St. Fillans," Muddee, and Mr. Reg Reynolds, "Hobartville," Richmond, watch events at Castle Hill Show.

AT PRINCES were Dorrane Paterson (right), Birgitta Sorlie, and Margot Scribner, whose mother, Mrs. W. H. Scribner, came from Tamworth to see her receive a special prize at the physiotherapy graduation.

NAVAL LIEUTENANT George Copeland, of Melbourne, and his bride, formerly Joy Pretty, of Concord, leave St. Philip's, Church Hill.

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Mary Horderns Paris Notes

IF you are travelling by air, there are certain basic points to be remembered in assembling a wardrobe. Baggage is restricted, so major outfits must be carefully planned to serve varied occasions and climates. Nylon is perfect for underwear, a blouse, or a simple one-piece. For actual flying hours a soft dress or slacks and shirt are best. Plan to look tidy, not glossy. All the clothes sketched here have important features which make them ideal for a flying wardrobe.

● Easy-to-pack cardigan suit, above, could be made in silk or cotton. An ideal ensemble to step off a plane in any tropical climate. Model by Dior. Slacks, shirt, and cardigan, at left, to wear during flying hours.

● Wool suit, above centre, is basically simple, chic, and warm. It is designed to brave any weather with a degree of elegance. Model by Dior. One-piece, at right, could be in nylon, silk, or cotton. An excellent dress for lunch or for any semi-formal occasion.

● Every travel wardrobe needs a dark classic city suit. The one above, made in black cloth, is by Balenciaga. It can be worn with or without the balloon-shaped velvet gloves.

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on Air Travel

● Travel coat, above, has loose flowing lines to go comfortably over daytime or after-dark clothes. The coat is shown worn with a slim lace dress. Lace is good for packing.

● Formal evening dress, above, has a slim silhouette for confined packing space. The model by Balenciaga is lace with a detachable sash and long matching gloves for accent.

● Basic dress, at right, by a switch of accessories can vary its character to suit any time of day. The model, with the current wide spread hemline, is by Jacques Fath.

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Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

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WORLD AND PARADISE

by EDGAR MAASS.

See this intriguing story at your Booksellers or Library.

16/- SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide. 16/-

Never a Fire Bird

Continued from page 4

ED gestured with his hands. "They have her watched," he said. "If you haven't any plans for her, she'll take off one of these days. Team up with somebody in a high price pair."

"Somebody like Vern Lagreen?"

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"Keep her in the little spots as long as I can."

"I don't get it."

"Listen, Ed. Every year there is a crop of skaters and dancers. Always a handful of good ones coming along. But in Maisie's class there is only one in a long time. I want to hold her back, give her time. In the end these little spots will mean more than the big scene in the end."

"That isn't what she wants. She wants to be an internationally recognised artist. You'll break her heart."

"Between Vern and me, we will," Tommy said.

He had a talk with Vern. He told him he hated to see a smart operator wasting his time. A certain party whom they both knew had a long way to go and as long as he had anything to say about it, she was going it alone. He had looked into his crystal ball, and he saw no future for a partner.

Vern said he didn't know what he was talking about. Tommy said good, he was glad it was cleared up.

He never knew the time and place of Vern's brush-off, but a few days later Maisie was going around looking as if the roof had fallen in.

Before the next season opened Grace La Palma, the company's featured skater, threw up the part and went to Europe with a touring company, and it was decided to promote one of the girls in the cast. The choice lay between Maisie and a new and pretty brunette named Gloria Ute.

The owners watched both of them skate a programme and afterwards, in the office, they looked at Tommy.

"What's the difficulty? That Maisie kid is a standout."

"I know it. But I don't want her to star—yet. She can do more for skating than twenty stars. She's a natural comic, and comedy on skates is the rarest thing in the world. I want her to play in skits and spots until she is ready. Then one day she will skate out on the ice and stop the show."

The owners couldn't see it that way. They gave the lead to Maisie.

There was plenty of gossip about how Tommy had voted for Gloria Ute. It brought Maisie to the boil.

"Was it all that dark hair?" she asked coldly.

"Pretty, isn't it?" countered Tommy.

"If it's a matter of skating, why don't you come right out and say you think she's better?"

"I don't. I think you're better."

"Yet you didn't want me to have the part."

On the opening night, Tommy saw Maisie for a moment just before she went on in the opening.

"Good luck."

"Thanks," she said, without a glance.

He went to sit with the owners with a stop-watch in his hand. The show began to unfold.

"Wonderful," said one of the owners. "Beautiful stuff."

"Too slow," said Tommy. "No laughs."

He looked over at the section filled with patients from the hospitals, children and veterans. He looked back to the ice where a slow and dignified movement was taking place.

He looked at his watch again and jumped over the edge of the box. Slow as molasses and they were badly off schedule. It was time for a break, but there was still the big, gaudy Bird of Paradise piece to come before the intermission. He knew audiences, he knew by the fluttering and coughing they were losing their hold on this one.

Last year he would have slipped in Maisie with one of her little acts and made them happy. He went around to where she was waiting to go on. Her costume was marvellous, she looked beautiful. She was trembling with excitement.

He turned away and went over to the hospital section.

MAISIE flashed by, a white bird flying. She came again and he saw that the hospital section had caught her attention. Her head turned, not merely glancing, but scanning the rows of white faces. She looked so long she nearly missed her cue.

Her carefully rehearsed and technically brilliant number grew to its climax. Suddenly she fell—a shocking, throat-jumping fall—and the audience gave out a great Oh! Maisie bounced up and went round in a circle with one leg wobbling, the traditional reaction of the clown after a tumble.

She had pushed her headdress to one side, her costume was rumpled, and one long feather stuck out behind. The audience gave a concerted happy roar. Maisie came down to the hospital section and gaily, with a terrible clarity, she did a cruel and funny burlesque of all Bird of Paradise skaters.

She hopped and skipped, she caught butterflies and went off balance until the smallest child was crowing with laughter. They called her back and she smiled and curtsied. They called her again, but she did not come.

Tommy got through the crowd as quickly as he could. She was not in the dressing-room. He found her in the boiler-room crying as if her heart would break.

"Go way, go way! You did this to me! I wanted to be an artist and you made me make fun of my own part!"

"You are an artist, Maisie. More of an artist than the rest of us put together. I love you."

She looked at him between her hands, her mouth open.

"Love me?"

"Sure I love you."

She burst out bawling. "I hope it hurts! You brought those hospital kids! You knew what they'd do to me. They wanted to laugh, they wanted me to make them laugh."

"So you're mad at me. But what about those people out there?"

They could hear them still whistling and cheering. Maisie wiped away the tears and stood up.

"All right, if that's what they want me to be. Get the tramp suit."

He hurried her to the dressing-room and they bundled her, costume and all, into the tramp's baggy suit. She looked at herself in the mirror, tears had made a ruin of her make-up.

"I'll never forgive you, never!" she said to Tommy and trotted down the matting toward the ice.

So Maisie did not become the leading lady of the Vanities. Nevertheless she is their bright particular star and people sit forward in their seats when she comes on the ice. Leading ladies are remarkably polite to her because, if they are not, Maisie might take it into her head to burlesque them.

She still works with Tommy and she treats him as if he were something the cat dragged in. The men of the company think this is rough on Tommy, but the girls say the men are just dumb. They say Maisie will marry him when she is good and ready.

(Copyright)

Beauty in brief:

LEG CAMOUFLAGE

By CAROLYN EARLE

● When you tuck away summer beauty aids it's a good idea to place your leg make-up within easy reach, because it is a versatile preparation.

MARKS and skin blemishes show up through sheer nylon stockings almost as clearly as if you were stockingless.

Use a thin coat of leg-do under fine hosiery to give your legs a smooth, matt finish; this is particularly effective during cold weather, when ankles take on a bluish tinge.

Provided the color is not too dark, a minimum amount of leg lotion or cream will efficiently cover up discolored patches of skin.

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The Choosing Hour

Continued from page 9

AFTER a long pause Donald asked, "What's the matter?"

Nancy shook her head, overcome with humiliation. "I—I want so many different things out of life," she said miserably. "I want you very, very much more than I can possibly say, and at the same time——"

"Is it Tony McLeod?" Donald demanded.

"Not just Tony," Nancy said, not knowing exactly what she meant by that except that it expressed the truth. Then the ghost of Tony disappeared. Nancy was left with the feeling that she was waking from a short, intensely disagreeable dream. She managed a smile. "Donald, dearest, please forgive me," she said sincerely. "There's nothing I would rather do than marry you. The answer is a big yes."

They lost themselves in an embrace.

. . . . . .

Tony McLeod flashed his quick smile and trailed his hand in the fountain's water.

"There's not much point hashing things over," he remarked. "I know I made quite a few mistakes, Nancy. Just call them my growing pains. There's no use beating me over the head with them now."

"I don't know why you came here to-night," Nancy lied. "You weren't invited."

"Who ever invites love?" Tony smiled. "Love just shows up. Cupid is the original uninvited guest."

"Listen, let's be sensible," Nancy said. "Let's not fall for this silly old headache."

"What headache?"

"The headache called love at first sight," Nancy said.

"Maybe I'm slow but I don't get it," Tony answered.

"You're not that slow," Nancy said. "Love at last sight is something all you men go for and it's not fair. Just because you can't bear to let anyone or anything go——"

She stopped and shook her head, as an increasing feeling of futility swept in on her. It was being borne in on her from every side, on the wings of the wind, which sang foolish love songs to the leaves, by the cadence of far-off laughter.

"What you simply don't understand," she said, "is that Donald loves me and that I love him. You don't understand it because you refuse to understand what's not convenient."

"I'm sure that part of you loves Donald," Tony said. "Part of me loves a thousand people, girls whose names I don't even know. But it's not the most important part of you, Nancy, darling. It's not the real part of you."

"That's untrue," she said.

"Tell me about Donald," said Tony suddenly.

"Well, Donald's a—" She stopped again, betrayed. To her shame, Nancy discovered that she could not speak to Tony of Donald Scott. She did not dare to catalogue his virtues. She could not bear to hear Donald's name ring with the empty hollow ring of the second bounce, the compromise. She found it too easy and too painful to fancy Tony's smile. So Nancy looked away and said instead, "I'm in love with him, Tony. You must believe me."

"What on earth made you do it?" Tony asked with an sudden flare of bitterness. "What lunacy made you decide?"

"It wasn't lunacy," Nancy said.

And then, as the silence deepened like water rising in a foundering ship, Nancy experienced an instant of frightening revelation. She realised that she had never, in the true sense, made a decision at all.

A person is never free when the moment of decision arrives, Nancy realised. You decide a hundred subsidiary issues, a hundred seemingly unconnected details—and then when the time for decision leaps up at you you discover that the choice is already made. Was there once in a lifetime, she wondered, when a person faces a decision uncommitted?

"You're crazy but I love you!" Tony was saying. "Maybe that's even why I love you!"

She felt his arms go around her back, pulling her against him, and the unwanted current of response began to vibrate along her nerves. With a detached part of her consciousness she wondered what new commitments she was making by this surrender, what decision of to-morrow was insidiously being made to-day.

Obscurely saddened by this thought, Nancy lifted her face an inch and closed her eyes. Tony's lips touched hers, gently at first, then not gently.

"I love you!" Tony was whispering.

"Oh, Tony," she heard her own voice answering.

There was a rustling not far off, a peal of muted laughter. A slow waltz ended in a dying fall. "Come on, let's run over to the summer-house," Tony said.

They sat there under a latticed roof and thick vines. It was a place of secrecy, as though it were hollowed out of the original jungle. Only the faintest night glow seeped in through the doorway.

"A Spanish doubloon for your thoughts," Tony said. "A piece of mandrake root, a falling star——"

"Give me a cigarette," Nancy said. "I want to put my hand on something I know is real." As the match flared shadows leaped to life and danced out their brief existence. "What are we going to do?" she demanded.

"I have a car."

"Yes, of course." She found it difficult to grasp the simplest facts. "Listen, Tony, I—I have to——"

"You have to what?"

"Speak to Donald," Nancy said. "I have to explain it to him."

"You won't be able to," Tony said.

"Probably not. But I'll have to try."

"Do you mind if I kiss you again?"

"Not much," she answered. "Much too good," she sighed afterward. She leaned her head on Tony's shoulder. "Tony, do you think he'll hate me?"

"I doubt it."

Please turn to page 33

As I read the Stars

By EVE HILLIARD

ARIES (March 21-April 20): Aries gives nobly when called upon, and on April 2 you may realise how much you are needed. If April 5 means a detour, on April 7 you'll see your goal.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): The unexpected adventure may beckon on April 3, with money and pleasure intertwined. Don't let criticism influence you unduly on April 8.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): While a number of good things are in preparation, don't force issues on April 2, especially in business matters. April 5 is tops for social interests.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): Impulsive moves involving your prestige might bring you into collision with those who are important. April 5 will present new schemes and fresh possibilities.

LEO (July 23-August 22): Mr. and Mrs. Lion dreaming of travel, holidays, or removals, also younger folk concerned with educational interests should ignore any development on April 2. April 5 for inspiration.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): If you want help from parents or favors from those in authority, April 4 should be fruitful. April 5 could bring romance, outings, or success in sports.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): Sacrifice your own interests for those of the partnership or the team, and you'll harvest goodwill on April 3. Sidestep arguments on April 8.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): You can depend on Scorpio to be a power in the background. You could set wheels turning on April 2, be defeated on April 5, yet win out on April 7.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): You can take a chance on almost anything this week, provided you steer clear of April 2 and 3. Applause and bouquets on April 5.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Older Capricornians are liable to skid on April 2, either mentally or physically, so watch your step. April 4 should be a friend.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): You are exceptionally versatile. Why not develop a new skill or try new methods on April 2? Results may astonish you on April 7, opening up new fields.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): If April 3 shatters one of your dreams, you can build something more worth while on the ruins. April 5 favors practical enterprises of every kind.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.)

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FRENCH SALAD DRESSING: Place in a glass jar ½ cup salad oil, ¼ cup vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ½ teaspoon Mustard. Shake briskly before serving, and you'll be charmed with results.

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The Choosing Hour

Continued from page 31

NANCY sighed. "I'd feel better if Donald hated me," she said. "I can't bear the thought of Donald—blaming himself." She threw away her cigarette. "Where are we going to live?"

"Oh, anywhere," Tony said.

"I don't like anywhere. I'd rather have somewhere," Nancy said. Things began to grow in her mind, appearing gradually as objects do when a person's eyes are becoming accustomed to the dark. "I'll have to speak to my aunt, too," she added.

"Let's live on the moon," Tony said.

"The moon?" A strange anaesthesia was stealing over her, a remoteness. "Isn't it awfully cold there?"

"Not when you're in love."

"Yes, I know. But in between——"

"There won't be any in between."

"But still, Tony, the moon—so cold, so little gravity," Nancy said. "And I don't think it's the best place in the world to bring up our children."

"That's my point," Tony answered. "It's not in the world."

"I'll admit it has its moments," Nancy said.

He kissed her again. "Such as that one," he added.

The things kept stirring in her mind, becoming quite clear in their outlines by now. Nancy began to make out a weird moonlike terrain, all peaks and valleys. The peaks were so high, the valleys so deep, she saw, and then a strange notion leaped from nowhere into the forefront of her consciousness.

It's always the valleys which make the peaks. You can't have one without the other. Nancy stared with growing recognition at the frightening lunar landscape and as she did so the anaesthesia and remoteness abruptly fell from her.

"Women aren't born to be mountain climbers," Nancy said, with a suddenness which startled even her.

"What did you say?"

"Oh, Tony—Tony darling—"

"Mountain climbers, did you say?"

"Yes," Nancy nodded. "On the other hand, I think that most men are born to be mountain climbers."

"You've come unhinged," Tony said flatly.

"Completely," Nancy agreed.

"Well, hinge yourself," Tony protested.

"Tony—what's a lifetime?" Nancy asked.

"Am I meant to answer that?"

"Please," she implored. She felt the mist spreading across her eyes, but the power to stop it was not in her. It was merely a result of the altitude, she assured herself. People who go up on high, high peaks must expect their eyes to mist. It was a small price to pay for the view. "Please, I want you to answer that," she repeated.

"A lifetime," said Tony, "is a succession of perfectly wonderful moments, all of them named you."

"Good try," said Nancy. "It was sweet."

"I thought so too."

"A very good try," Nancy said. "It would satisfy almost anybody—except a woman."

"For pity's sake, youre crying!" Tony exclaimed.

"If I am," Nancy said, "it's only because I loved you, darling." She smiled at him through the mist then and spoke with a lightness which did not come from her heart.

As her lips brushed his cheek, she said, "Don't catch cold on those mountain peaks, Tony darling! Don't pop your ears when you go down into those valleys! And thanks for the wonderful moments, many thanks—if moments made a lifetime, darling, you and I would be quite a team!"

Nancy walked back up the stone staircase. The time was five minutes to midnight. She looked around for Donald and was rather surprised to see him standing where she had left him such a lifetime before, under the branches of the apple tree.

She slipped her hand into Donald's and pressed it hard. "Hello, I'm back," she said.

"Just in time," Donald answered. "In about one minute, darling, the drums are going to roll. Like a glass of something first?"

"I'll have champagne," Nancy said with no hesitation.

Donald filled two glasses.

"To us," he said, "with love."

"With much love!" Nancy said. "And good-bye to the unicorn."

"Oh, did you see the unicorn?" Donald asked.

"Yes," Nancy said. "I saw him all right."

"I thought you'd better—before midnight. That's why I invited him."

Nancy almost dropped her glass, but she didn't have time. Donald had taken it from her fingers and was leading her at a run across the lawn to where her aunt stood in a pool of light. In the distance the town clock was beginning to strike midnight, but to Nancy's heart it was striking the end of the last hour of her childhood.

The drum rolled and there was a chord from the band.

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Child stars' tragic lives

TWO-THIRDS of the children who make millions on the screen grow up unstable, unhappy, and relatively broke.

A Hollywood psychologist, Dr. Mason Rose, holds child stars' mothers responsible.

"For every ex-child star who is now an unhappy, frustrated, immature adult, there is a mother who failed in her job and gave her child distorted values," he says.

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1 ALARMED when Italy enters the war, Emad (Peter Ustinov) wants to evacuate his luxury hotel in the desert. But his fiancee, Yasmin (Yvonne de Carlo), centre, and her mother, Madame Pallas (Mireille Perrey), persuade him to remain.

2 GERMAN detachment headed by the Leutnant (Albert Lieven) is first to arrive. Insisting on their right to neutrality, Yasmin and the others welcome troops of both sides.

HOTEL SAHARA . . .

3 WEARY British soldiers led by Captain Cheynie (David Tomlinson), left, and Major Randall (Roland Culver), right, arrive later. They think the hotel is another mirage.

J. ARTHUR RANK'S comedy-fantasy is set in a luxurious Eastern hotel where troops of several nationalities are entertained during the African campaigns of World War II.

Hollywood star Yvonne de Carlo, who is a favorite subject for the technicolor cameras, went to Britain for the starring role of Yasmin, beautiful and popular fiancee of the hotel's owner.

The two other stars are well-known comedian David Tomlinson and Peter Ustinov, who is a writer and producer as well as an actor.

The top supporting role is played by French character actress Mireille Perrey.

4 GAY French troops, who quickly organise entertainment, are popular with light-hearted Madame Pallas.

5 FEARFUL that opposing troops may clash, Emad also resents the soldiers' attentions to Yasmin. Laughing at his jealousy, Madame Pallas points out that Yasmin uses her popularity to protect them all. He admits that she is right.

6 DISGUISED as an Arab, Captain Cheynie spies on German attempts to win the support of local sheiks. But he cannot bring himself to eat an Arabian delicacy, thus risking detection.

7 DANCING seductively, Yasmin diverts the German Leutnant's attention from Cheynie's suspicious behaviour. Later, though, the fight which she and Emad tried to avert breaks out in the lounge of the hotel.

8 HAPPY news that the war has ended stops the fight in the hotel. During the following weeks the various troops leave and, to the delight of Madame Pallas, Emad and Yasmin resume pre-war plans for the future.

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LULLABY OF BROADWAY

★ ***Exuberant Doris Day and fast-stepping Gene Nelson are a diverting star team in Warners' technicolor musical "Lullaby of Broadway." Fans are keeping an eye on Doris and Gene — a song-and-dance partnership in the Astaire-Rogers tradition may be just around the corner.***

TALENTED Doris Day and Gene Nelson (above, left) are mainly responsible for the gay whirl of Warners' "Lullaby of Broadway," and offer a brand-new line in romantic partnership as well.

SOME TEACHER. Theatre "angel" S.Z. (Cuddles) Sakall (above) gets a dancing lesson from Doris Day, whom he helps along the path to theatrical fame in this technicolor movie.

MUSICAL HIT on Broadway for Doris Day (left). In this scene from "Lullaby of Broadway" Doris' top-hat-and-tails number and bouncing personality set the theatre world talking.

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Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ *Three Secrets*

IN "Three Secrets" (Warners), a plane crash on a mountain peak near Los Angeles is used to link together the stories of three young mothers.

Aerial pictures show a five-year-old boy to be the only survivor of the crash; the youngster is the son of one of the women—which one is revealed in a novelettish finale.

The disaster has the effect of bringing the trio together, and via flashbacks the audience learns what has happened in their earlier lives.

Eleanor Parker, Patricia Neal, and Ruth Roman are the women concerned; as a brassy woman columnist who covers assignments like the war in the Pacific, Pat Neal is the most interesting company.

An absorbing section of "Three Secrets" shows the preparations to rescue the child; while volunteer mountaineers muster for the hazarduous climb, cameras wander among local characters, reporters, radio broadcasters, and curious bystanders.

This creates a documentary-like frame for events, and is all to the good.

Frank Lovejoy and Lief Erickson are among the mere men present.

In Sydney—Palace.

★ *Force of Arms*

"FORCE of Arms" (Warners) goes back to World War II in Italy with American combat troops.

Brash Lieut. William Holden, worthy Lieut. Nancy Olson, and disillusioned Captain Frank Lovejoy are the principal companions-in-arms.

Together with familiar Hollywood army types, they form a philosophic, highly articulate lot.

The main story pivots round Lieut. Holden and his efforts to prove to himself that he isn't scared.

As well as several well-drawn battle sequences, there are long, rambling conversations on love, life, the pursuit of happiness, and the pitiful plight of Italy.

You may shed a few tears over this battlefield romance.

In Sydney—Mayfair.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CENTURY.—★★ "The Blue Veil," drama, starring Jane Wyman, Richard Carlson, Charles Laughton. Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—★ "Tales of Hoffmann," musical fantasy based on Offenbach's opera, starring Moira Shearer, Robert Helpmann, Robert Rounsville. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—"Bitter Rice," Italian melodrama, starring Silvano Mangano, Vittorio Gassman, Doris Dowling. Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★ "The Unknown Man," crime melodrama, starring Walter Pidgeon, Ann Harding, Barry Sullivan. Plus "Callaway Went That-a-Way."

LYCEUM.—★ "Ma and Pa Kettle at the Fair," family comedy, starring Marjorie Main, Percy Kilbride. Plus "The Treasure of Lost Canyon."

MAYFAIR.—★ "Force of Arms," wartime drama, starring William Holden, Nancy Olson. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

PALACE.—★★ "Three Secrets," melodrama, starring Eleanor Parker, Patricia Neal, Ruth Roman. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★ "Rhubarb," sporting comedy, starring Ray Milland, Jan Sterling. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★★ "Only the Valiant," U.S. Cavalry drama, starring Gregory Peck, Barbara Payton, Ward Bond. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★ "La Ronde," sophisticated French comedy, starring Danielle Darrieux, Anton Walbrook. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—"Mask of the Avenger," period melodrama, starring John Derek, Jody Lawrence. Plus "Purple Heart Diary."

ST. JAMES.—★★ "Too Young To Kiss," romantic comedy, starring Van Johnson, June Allyson. Plus "Calling Bulldog Drummond. (★★★ "An American in Paris," musical, commences 2/4/'52 at St. James and Liberty.)

VARIETY.—★★ "Unwanted Women," Continental drama of women's D.P. camps, starring Simone Simon, Valentina Cortese. Plus "Over the Moon."

VICTORY.—★ "Flame of Araby," Eastern fantasy, starring Maureen O'Hara, Jeff Chandler. Plus "Meet Danny Wilson," musical, starring Frank Sinatra, Shelley Winters.

Films not yet reviewed

CAPITOL.—"Captain Blood," period drama, starring Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland. Plus "Angels Wash Their Faces." (Both re-releases.)

CIVIC.—"Roadhouse," murder mystery, starring Richard Widmark, Cornel Wilde, Ida Lupino. Plus "Hangover Square." (Both re-releases.)

LYRIC.—"Cry of the Werewolf," thriller, starring Nina Foch, Stephen Crane. Plus "Soul of a Monster," starring Rose Hobart, Eric Olfe. (Both re-releases.)

PARK.—"Decision Before Dawn," war drama, starring Gary Merrill, Richard Basehart. Plus featurettes.

PLAZA.—"Flying Leathernecks," U.S. Air Force drama, starring John Wayne, Robert Ryan, Janis Carter.

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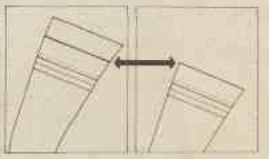

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Return Visit

Continued from page 7

MICK, who was playing the piano in an ambling, lazy sort of way, gave an impatient shrug of his shoulders. "If you keep harping on it something will happen. For goodness' sake stop worrying. I can't think of anything that's likely to stop our going to St. Pietro now. Having got this far I'll take you there on my hands and knees!"

He brought his hands down heavily on the keys, then looked up to catch the hurt, surprised look on her face, felt her hand on his shoulder.

"Don't speak to me like that! It's not my fault," she told him angrily.

"Sorry—I seem to be getting a bit jumpy." He moved off the stool and put his arm round her shoulders. "Look, it's only half-past six. What about getting Mrs. Banks next door to come and do a little baby-sitting this evening—she's always asking if she can."

"All right," Susan agreed. "What do we do?"

Mick said, "Do you remember that film we saw together before the war—just after we'd first met?"

"'Three Days'?" Susan smiled reminiscently. "I couldn't ever forget it. About a couple who fall in love, and the way they spend the three days the boy's got left before he has to go abroad."

"The best film we've ever seen—or are ever likely to see," Mick agreed. "Well, it's on again—at one of those little cinemas that only shows revivals of old films. I thought it would be rather fun to go and see it again."

"Darling," Susan said, "I'd love to."

Mick said, "Fine. You'd better go and get Mrs. Banks organised then. If we hurry we should just catch the seven o'clock train . . ."

"What I can't understand," Susan said, as they walked home along the darkened streets after the show, "is why we thought it so wonderful at the time."

"I suppose because it was a good film by the standards of those days," Mick told her. "We just don't notice how the cinema improves over the years." He laughed. "It was pretty grim, though, wasn't it?"

Susan was still wondering why "Three Days" should have turned out to be so disappointing when they reached their gate. There was, she noticed, a light on upstairs in Joe's room.

Perhaps, she thought suddenly, he'd woken up and Mrs. Banks had gone up to give him a drink of water. But as they closed the front door behind them, their neighbor came downstairs with a worried look on her face.

"Mrs. Clifford, I'm so glad you're back. I've been so worried. Would you come and have a look at your little boy?"

Susan said quickly, her heart thumping, "What's the matter with him—is he ill?"

"He seems feverish, and I noticed some spots on his chest."

Susan and Mick went upstairs quickly. A small, flushed face turned to them as they entered the room.

"What is it, poppet?" Susan bent over the small boy.

"Feel poorly, Mummy," Joe's voice whispered.

"Let's have a look, son." Mick pulled open the top of his pyjama jacket and inspected a group of angry-looking spots that showed up clearly on the white skin. He looked at Susan. "I think," he said, "I'd better give the doctor a ring."

Half an hour later Susan and he faced each other across the fireplace downstairs, their faces worried but resigned. Finally Mick said, "Well, he was bound to get measles some time, I suppose."

They smiled at each other with understanding.

Susan said slowly, "It's funny, isn't it? I really thought we would get to St. Pietro this year."

"I know," Mick nodded. "I was beginning to believe it, too. Anyway, it's out of the question now—we can't possibly leave Joe."

"Of course not," Susan agreed. "Are you all that sorry?"

Her husband stared at her for a time. At last he said, "For myself—not particularly. It was you I worried about."

Susan said slowly. "Why didn't you want to go? Honestly?"

"Oh, I don't know. I didn't really want to leave the kids for one thing, and we couldn't very well take them with us. And then I knew we couldn't really afford it."

"I don't mind not going," Susan agreed.

He was startled. "Why?"

"Well, I didn't realise until to-night—till we saw that film." She looked at him seriously. "Remember how often we've talked about it—how wonderful it was? Well, to-night we spoiled a perfectly good memory. We went back for a second look at something that was quite perfect, hoping to have more than our fair share of it. And we found—well, I suppose we found you can't repeat some things."

"And you were afraid St. Pietro might have been the same?"

"Yes," Susan said softly. "I had the two happiest weeks of my life there. What it had to give me I've got with me always. It's a memory I don't want to risk spoiling in any way at all." She smiled shakily. "So if we ever do manage to get back to the Continent for a holiday, let's go somewhere else, shall we?"

Mick leaned forward and kissed her gently. "Of course," he said. "We'll go to the farm as usual this year. And then perhaps next year——"

"Yes, darling," Susan said. "Perhaps next year——"

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The Red Centre

Continued from page 5

As Martin came up, two of the crew were standing on the side of the station looking around. They recognised him and their faces broke into grins.

"How are you, mate?" they said together.

"A little browned off round the edges," Martin said. "And you've lost a ton of sheep since I saw you last."

"Half of them," one admitted. "They have to be tough to get through without tucker and water."

"Lost the abos too," the other grinned. "They went bush. When they heard about the killing on your train, they reckoned the desert was safer."

Martin asked lightly, "A fellow with a scar didn't go bush with them, did he?"

"That fellow. We never even laid eyes on him. Was it you who said you seen him back there?"

Martin nodded. "I didn't dream it up either."

"Nobody else saw him then, except maybe one of the boongs and he wasn't too sure. The fellow wasn't riding the train anyway."

Martin said, "Whether he rode in, walked in, or dropped in, he was there right enough. He made me jump when he came out of nowhere and asked for a match."

"Maybe it was a spook. The natives lit out fast enough when people got asking about a dark man nobody seen and this killing happened. Spooks and natives don't mix."

"He was probably riding right in with the sheep," Martin said. "Did anybody go through the trucks?"

"No," one said. He suddenly pointed up the train. "But there's a john going through now. Look at him."

Martin swung round. Lacey was peering through the bars of the trucks, bottom and top decks. He had a stick and was prodding the sheep gently, moving them around.

Martin looked over at Dawn. She was seated on a bench with Bill at her side and Steve squatting at her feet. Steve was sketching in the dust. She seemed completely absorbed.

After a while Martin joined them, hearing Steve say as he approached, "That's the best way to go." Lacey had then covered half the train, examining each truck as thoroughly as he could, short of crawling in among the sheep and scratching around in the straw.

When he drew level he called to Martin, "The plane will be in this evening, Mr. Stewart. They want you to be over at the landing-ground. Will that be okay?"

"It'll be okay," Martin said ironically. He glanced at Dawn. Steve was describing some of the country to her. She was a long way away just then and didn't hear.

Martin said, looking back at Lacey, "You'd do much better with a rake. What do you hope to find that way?"

Lacey merely shrugged. But at the next truck he spoke again. "They'll be cleaning them out at Pirie. If there's anything around they'll find it."

Bill looked up. "Find what?"

Martin said, "A fellow dropped a book of matches and put me on a spot. Maybe he dropped something in one of these trucks that'll clear me."

Bill grinned. He said, "You've got too many worries on your mind. You want to come back in the Centre, that's where you leave troubles behind."

Steve eased himself upright, and Dawn came back to her surroundings. She glanced at Lacey moving down the train and the closed look came back to her face.

"If you change your mind in the next three weeks," Steve drawled, "you'll find us at the Alice, Martin. After that we'll take some finding."

Martin smiled. "I'll remember it."

"Miss Storey's going down to Adelaide for some gear. We want one of those thingamies if she can get one. Do you know where there's any laying around?"

Martin shook his head. He knew what Steve meant. "But there's the electroscope. It's supposed to be good. And there are other ways of testing." He looked at Dawn. "But Miss Storey knows all about that."

"We'll fix up something," she said.

The guard came out of the office. He said to Steve, "All right mate, all aboard." He went on down to the van.

Steve and Bill patted Martin's back and shook hands with Dawn. Steve said, "We'll be looking out for you in a couple of weeks, Miss Storey."

"I'll be there."

Martin watched them go down to the end of the train. At the back of his mind was a faint regret that it wasn't he who had been making arrangements with them.

Dismissing it, he fell to studying the lines Steve had sketched in the dust. It looked to him as if Steve intended to go straight west from the Alice, clean over the Western Australian border.

He caught Dawn's eye when he lifted his head. She asked, "Did I hear Constable Lacey saying something about the plane?" Martin grinned.

"I didn't think it registered," he said. "You were over the border out west from the Alice, weren't you? But that's what he said. The plane is due in this evening and I've got to be over there to meet it."

The engine whistled and the sheep braced themselves as the trucks jerked into motion. Steve and Bill were hanging out of the van as it passed.

"See you at Alice," Steve shouted. He was looking at Martin.

. . . . . .

The air beacon had been switched on and its beam cut a line just above the horizon. Martin, Dawn, and Lacey stood beneath it, close to one of the sheds.

Lacey had told them that Inspector Connors wouldn't be coming after all, but that a Security Service officer would be coming in an Air Force plane. He was Major Hammond, who was interested because of the national angle.

When the plane appeared, it made a single circuit of the desert stop before landing. As the hatch opened, the beam swept round, showing up the man who jumped out. He was dressed in civilian khaki, slacks and shirt, and he looked both friendly and competent.

Lacey met him and brought him over. The major held Dawn's hand and murmured something Martin didn't hear. His sympathy. Then Martin's hand was wrung firmly.

"I'm glad you stayed, Mr. Stewart," the major said. "I need your help." He had a deep voice.

Martin said, "I didn't have much choice. It was that or handcuffs."

"Handcuffs?" Hammond smiled. "That sounds an extreme measure."

"I was threatened with arrest if I tried to catch the train," Martin said. "I just want you to know for the record."

Hammond glanced at Lacey, who kept silent. He gave a good-humored shrug.

"Just police bullying," he said. "But we'll make it right with you. We want you and Miss Storey to come over now to the rocket range and meet Colonel Rawlings, my chief. He's attached, as I am, to the Long Range Weapons Organisation as the security set-up."

He added, "I'm going to Darwin to-morrow and I'll drop you off at Oodnadatta, where you can join the airline to Adelaide. It's a bit roundabout, but it'll beat the train to Adelaide."

Dawn said approvingly, "That will suit me, Major Hammond."

"It'll suit me too," Martin said.

"Okay then. Have you any luggage?"

Lacey said, "I'll get it, sir." He moved off.

Hammond produced cigarettes and offered them around.

The beacon was now switched off and the only light came from the cabin of the plane. The tip of Hammond's cigarette glowed as he took a deep draw.

"The Colonel couldn't come over himself," he explained. "He sends his apology, Miss Storey, and his deepest sympathy. Actually, however, this will work out better. We'll be back at the range in a few hours and then we'll have a little chat." So cosy it sounded.

It was all so encouraging that Martin found himself asking, "What is your angle exactly on this business?"

Hammond said frankly, "We would like to talk about the possibilities of this being a Red action. The Colonel wants to talk to Miss Storey about what happened at Broome—that was something we didn't even hear about—and to get this Peter Holt completely dossered. If you met him, Mr. Stewart, and perhaps can add to what Miss Storey knows, we want you along too."

Martin nodded. Hammond had altered the whole character of his role; instead of being hunted he was now one of the hunters.

Dawn explained quietly, "Father was never convinced that the attack in Broome was anything but accidental. He kept at the police and would have taken it further, but Father objected. That's why you never heard."

Hammond nodded understandingly, lit another cigarette, and smoked quietly until Lacey returned with the luggage.

The plane had fewer seats than an airliner and its fittings included desks and bunks. Hammond showed Martin and Dawn to the single seats and sat across the aisle from them.

When the plane was in the air, he went aft and returned with a tray on which was bottled beer and glasses. He said that he brought some of the papers and magazines.

Round about midnight he got up and drew the curtains over the windows.

"A routine precaution," he explained gravely. "We mightn't be able to see much at night, but nobody outside the organisation and the Services is supposed to see anything."

Please turn to page

"Mostly about women. What do you?"

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The Red Centre

Continued from page 40

WHEN the plane landed, a jeep was waiting to meet it. Martin sat in the back seat with Dawn and Hammond with the driver. The top was down, and above them the stars seemed more than usually large and dull and close. The air was thick with dust.

They passed along a village of huts spread over desert where, undoubtedly, natives had hurled their boomerangs in the past. Martin was staring about curiously, but Dawn didn't turn her head. She seemed to have taken Hammond's remark about seeing nothing very literally.

Suddenly she said, almost awed, "It's odd to think that the first rocket projectile carrying men might take off from here and contact one of the stars up there. Have you thought of that, too?"

Martin shook his head. "I find it enough to catch up with the present. I can't get out that far ahead."

"But it's a possibility, isn't it?"

"I don't know," Martin said. He looked at Hammond. Hammond had probably overheard but he was not being drawn into it. Martin grinned. "That sort of conjecture might be taboo here," he suggested.

Dawn mused, "Well, it's generally known that only Russia has similar wide spaces for experiments. The United States' range at New Mexico is only a tenth of the size of this range. So if we leave Russia behind in development, it's a good chance that the first interplanet plane will leave from here."

She had it pat. She and the Professor had probably talked about it many times.

"I won't be boarding the bus," Martin said. After her quietness he was a little surprised at the sudden burst of conversation.

After a while Hammond turned his head.

"We'll be passing a bunch of buildings soon," he said, "but they're not laboratories, so you needn't close your eyes. They're residential and domestic. The place where the secret work is done isn't around here."

Martin said, "I'm not crazy about laboratories or rockets. I've seen all I want to see of rockets." He was just making conversation and keeping it light.

But Hammond kept his head turned. He asked interestedly, "Where did you see rockets, Mr. Stewart?"

"When they arrived in England," Martin said.

"That's the worst end to see them from," Hammond admitted. "I thought probably you might have seen them from the despatching point in Europe."

Martin looked at the major hard. He had said nothing about his war experiences to Connors or anybody else. It looked as if he had been pretty thoroughly screened.

"For the record," he said, "rockets were a madman's dream when I landed in Europe. I got to know about them when I got out through the Underground."

Hammond nodded and turned back. Dawn was staring at Martin intently. "I didn't know—" she said. "Well, how could I—you must have had some awful experiences, Mr. Stewart."

"They weren't bad," Martin said briefly. He didn't want to talk about them.

They came to a group of buildings, some dark, some lit up. Shortly afterwards the jeep stopped opposite a lighted screened door at the end of an army hut. Hammond got out and helped Dawn to alight.

As Martin got out he stared around. There were streets of huts that reminded him of an air force establishment. And he felt himself in the grip of nervous anxiety like he used to get towards the end of his several courses, worrying whether he would make it or get scrubbed.

That was because of Hammond's questions. Somehow they had changed the set-up again and he felt he was being pulled in for questioning just as Connors would have pulled him in.

He was wary when, after they had met Colonel Rawlings, a big, shambling fellow with a fine brow and a fascinating mannerism of starting a sentence with a smile and suddenly wiping it off. Hammond commenced asking questions. He took Martin first.

The wooden chairs were hard and uncomfortable. The light bulb had no shade and burnt nakedly with a white-hot light. Insects, maddened by the hard light, beat their bodies against the screen doors.

Hammond said, "I may as well tell you, Mr. Stewart, that this man Peter Holt has been missing from Broome since shortly after the Professor departed. How he left we can't discover."

AFTER a brief pause, Hammond continued, "We know that Holt didn't go by airliner or boat and if he went by road there must have been a car waiting somewhere or he got a lift, although as far as possible that's been checked too."

He added, "I mentioned this to give you some confidence and your story some credence, Mr. Stewart."

Martin gave a crooked grin. After all his comforting thoughts it seemed that he wasn't going to be any better off. He said, "If you got all the story, Major, you'll remember that I described Holt to Miss Storey first. There doesn't seem to be any doubt about who I met."

"You hadn't met him before, had you?"

It wasn't going to be any different. The same questions but a different angle and going farther back. He was irritated.

"Not here nor in Russia," he snapped.

Colonel Rawlings said mildly, "Please, Mr. Stewart, this isn't an inquisition. We just want to learn as much as we can of the background of the tragedy. It is a great tragedy, as you must realise, in the nature of a national calamity." He glanced over at Dawn.

"Professor Storey," he said quietly, "was one of Australia's greatest scientists, and his place in the organisation and in other and more important fields will be difficult to fill indeed. We must see that others do not meet with his fate."

Martin flexed his jaw and apologised. He said, "I forget I'm just a cypher. Go ahead."

"You've practically told me everything I wanted to know," Hammond smiled. "We've been through your records, of course, but they don't say much about your P.O.W. experiences, except the names of the camps you were in before your escape to England. Two years. That was a long time to be imprisoned, Mr. Stewart."

"I was six months getting out."

"Mostly in Germany?"

"France."

"And Russia after the war?"

"I made a service flight to Moscow." Martin took out his handkerchief and wiped his brow. The heat from the white light had started trickles of perspiration down his back. He hoped Hammond would stop mentioning Russia before he got angry again.

"You didn't get a good look at the fellow who took the doctor's plane," Hammond stated. "But you're pretty certain it wasn't Holt." He glanced at Martin's taped head. "He didn't leave any visual impression with you, Mr. Stewart?"

"He was just a pair of legs to me," Martin said, "but there was a fellow buying stuff at the store earlier. He just disappeared and it could have been him."

"What did he look like, a Russki?"

Martin shrugged. He hadn't seen many Russians in his time. He said, "If you could only know at the time how important a full description would be later you'd take a few notes." He added, "But I think I could identify him in a line-up."

Hammond looked at Dawn. She said, "He was just like anybody you'd see in the outback. I didn't take any particular notice either."

"Well, then, let's hear all you know about this Peter Holt, Miss Storey."

Martin sat and listened. Dawn said nothing new. He noticed there was now a sheen of perspiration on her forehead. He had observed earlier that she used little face powder at any time and her lipstick was not over bright, just the right shade for her dark skin.

The two men followed her intently. The heat did not trouble them. But for the buzz of the frustrated insects outside the screen and the distant throb of a generator the rocket town was wrapped in the deep silence of a desert night.

Martin's thoughts wandered. When the rocket tests got under way there would be plenty of noise with jets spurting flaming gases and projectiles rushing into space as far away as two thousand miles, to observation islands out in the Indian Ocean.

There was something in what Dawn had imagined, too. Some time, perhaps not too long ahead, they would be stowing luggage into a rocket ship and someone would be announcing calmly, "All aboard for Mars." It was odd to think, also, that it might happen first in Australia.

He came out of his thoughts to find the Colonel taking Dawn's arm. They were leaving. Hammond was on his feet but was not moving. Martin stood up. The colonel turned his head and said good-night to Martin. Dawn looked back and gave him a smile.

Hammond said, when the screen door banged, "Colonel Rawlings is taking Miss Storey to her quarters for the night. She's sleeping with one of the families." He nodded to the door in the partition. "We sleep in there."

Martin yawned. "I'm ready."

Please turn to page 44

They used to call me "CRY BABY"

...but I'm a good girl now!

THOSE BAD COLDS of mine used to make me cough and sneeze something awful! I couldn't sleep either. And cry? Of course I cried! Especially when they made me swallow some bad-tasting medicine that only made me feel worse . . . !

BUT ONE DAY dear Grandma came to my rescue. "Look," she said to Mummy, "Isn't it time you tried Vicks VapoRub? Children love it, you know. And Vicks VapoRub ends colds faster. I thought every young mother knew that!"

SO MOTHER RUBBED Vicks VapoRub on my chest, throat and back at bedtime. My, it felt good! Right then and there I started to feel better, with those wonderful vapours clearing my nose, and that lovely warm feeling in my chest.

NEXT MORNING, after a sound sleep, I woke up feeling fine. I could hear Mom say to Dad: "Look, Jim, our little *cry-baby* looks like a *smile-baby* now! And next time any one of us catches a cold, we'll know just what to do!"

PROVED BEST FOR CHILDREN'S COLDS

—OVER 40 MILLION TIMES A YEAR!

IN 71 COUNTRIES, over 40 million jars of Vicks VapoRub are used every year. So, don't take chances with untried remedies! VapoRub's direct, double action is home-proved and time-tested:

1. LIKE A WARMING POULTICE, VapoRub gently "draws out" achy chest tightness and congestion. And, at the same time—

2. ITS MEDICINAL VAPOURS are inhaled with every breath—and clear stuffy nose, soothe sore throat and calm coughing. Try it!

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S-P-R-E-A-D-S LIKE BUTTER*

FOR SANDWICHES, SAVOURIES, SNACKS—ALWAYS USE

Velveeta—no butter needed!

Slice into that firm, golden block of pure goodness . . . spread it straight on to bread. Now taste that exciting flavour. There's nothing else like it — so rich-yet-mild! And remember, when you use Velveeta it not only S-P-R-E-A-D-S like butter, but *you don't need any butter at all!* What a wonderful saving of time and money!

BETTER — *WITHOUT* BUTTER

Velveeta not only tastes better without butter, but scientists say that Velveeta spread on bread without butter gives you the right — *exactly right* — balance of primary food elements. From the start, Velveeta has been a great favourite with men. They come back again and again for that "rich-yet-mild" flavour! It's a flavour *everyone* loves! So keep plenty of Velveeta handy for sandwiches, savouries and snacks. So quick . . . so easy to use . . . and what a money-saver!

SPECIAL HEALTH NEWS!

While you're S-P-R-E-A-D-I-N-G Velveeta, remember it is *not* an ordinary cheese. Velveeta is a cheese *food*, rich in proteins and the milk minerals, calcium and phosphates, plus Vitamin A and riboflavin. Also — Velveeta is as digestible as milk itself. Pasteurised and hygienically packed, delicious Velveeta stays fresh. Try Velveeta — *today!*

**At similar degrees of temperature.*

VELVEETA SAVOURY TRAY PREPARED BY *Elizabeth Cooke* FAMOUS KRAFT COOKERY AND NUTRITION EXPERT.

"RICH-yet-MILD" flavour — *everyone loves!*

That distinctive Velveeta flavour has been a hit with everyone—from the day Velveeta was announced.

Look for the YELLOW PACKET

WITH CRACKERS, VELVEETA'S PERFECT!

Add colourful appetising touches of beetroot, gherkin, egg or nuts. Garnish tray with radish roses, parsley sprigs, and fresh fruit.

As for sandwiches, just try these! Velveeta and jam; Velveeta and honey; Velveeta and walnut pieces, raisins or dates; Velveeta with Vegemite, tomato, chopped gherkin, beetroot or onion!

Just spread bread or biscuits with Velveeta, and use no butter at all!

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Seeing's believing...

Try Macleans and

See how your teeth whiten and brighten-

Others have done it — thousands of them. Here's what one of them said:-

"On using your tooth paste, my teeth looked white the very first day."

That was Miss C. Cullingford. Try Macleans yourself and you'll see what she meant. The first thing you'll notice is a clean, refreshing "tingle" which you get *only* with Macleans. That famous "tingle" is a sure sign that Macleans is *quickly* at work, making your teeth *whiter* and helping to prevent tooth decay. It's because Macleans is *quick* and *safe* that it has become Britain's biggest selling tooth paste. Use it to put new sparkle in your smile. Don't *half*-clean your teeth – Maclean them . . . for a *double*-bright smile.

MACLEANS PEROXIDE TOOTH PASTE makes teeth WHITER

The Red Centre

Continued from page 42

WHEN they went into their sleeping-quarters, Hammond said to Martin, "We'll be off before dawn, so use the time well." He stripped to his underclothing and lay and watched Martin.

Martin looked for his swag and found it on the floor at the foot of his cot. It had been brought in during his absence and no doubt somebody had gone through it pretty thoroughly.

Hammond observed, "You seem to have collected more than fossils on this vacation of yours, Stewart."

"A bit of trouble," Martin admitted. He peeled off his shirt and hung it over the back of a chair. Hammond seemed to want to talk.

"This business has Connors puzzled," Hammond said. "He can't get anywhere with it but he's more than halfway convinced that you're the man."

"I know. But he'll have to do better than that."

"He thinks the book of matches is important. He'll be telling you this, so I'm not giving anything away. The experts can't decide whether the figures on the match book and in your notebook were written by the same person."

Martin tried to shrug this off lightly. But he wasn't very happy about it.

"They're remarkably alike," Hammond went on. "And there's another thing. When you left the observation car the first morning on the train, you went off as if you knew where you were going. Miss Storey had to call after you."

Martin remembered. And then he flushed. For the moment it seemed to him like treachery on Dawn's part. But it wasn't treachery. She had to tell the police about that.

Nevertheless, his tone was surly as he said, "I wasn't thinking much about where I was going. I would have got a conductor to put me right."

"Connors thinks it could have been a slip." Hammond yawned and stretched his hands above his head. "All this is just between man and man," he added sleepily.

"I thought you might be wanting to keep me awake," Martin muttered.

Hammond laughed softly. "Just drumming you up. I think you're all right, Stewart."

Martin let that go and looked around for the switch. Almost as soon as he snapped it off he heard Hammond snoring. But he didn't go to sleep immediately himself.

He lay awake, listening to the tread of the sentry outside, which reminded him of past experiences, and wondering when Connors might decide to take a risk and pull him in.

He did eventually fall asleep, but so late that the sentry's early call found him slow to respond. Hammond had dressed and gone out before he rolled off his cot, and he was still shaving when he heard Dawn and the colonel enter the outer room. By the time he went out an orderly had brought in coffee and toast.

Dawn looked as if she had had a good sleep. Her eyes were brighter than he had seen them since the Professor's death and she was smiling at the colonel.

But Martin had the impression that when he entered she closed down slightly, although it was only a faint veiling of the eyes and a tempering of her smile. She greeted him brightly enough.

The colonel gave him a friendly smile and started to pour the coffee.

"We've managed to get you reservations on the plane from Oodnadatta to Adelaide, Mr. Stewart," he said. "It goes south to-morrow. I'm sorry we can't have you as guests until then, but we've fixed up accommodation at the hotel for you. And," he added with a smile, "you might find something at Oodnadatta to occupy your time until the plane goes."

Martin thanked him. He was beginning to feel at ease again.

"Miss Storey's been telling me about her plans," the colonel went on. "I almost envy her, don't you, Mr. Stewart?"

Martin grunted. He didn't want another argument on that.

The colonel smiled.

"That's how I feel," he said. "I'd want to be in on it. For the right man, it's a short cut to the top. Uranium is here; it's not like oil. You only have to go out and find it."

"As easy as that," Martin agreed. He glanced at Dawn wondering whether she had put the colonel up to it. But she looked to be without guilt.

The colonel went on, "Speaking as a scientist, and that's what I primarily am, I'd advise any young man who is a mineralogist with ambitions in the field of higher science to go out after it. You don't need me to tell you the future there is in atomic research, and, if you find any good quantities of ore, where you could go with it."

Martin nodded and the colonel didn't say any more. A jeep pulled up outside and a moment later Hammond came in. He smiled at Dawn and asked, "Ready?"

Martin went back into his room for his swag. When he got out Dawn was already seated. He climbed in beside her. The colonel said good-bye and thanked them for their co-operation. To Martin he said quietly, "Good luck, Mr. Stewart. I hope everything works out right for you."

A good type, Martin decided.

Please turn to page 45

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff by TIM

For baby's precious knitteds use

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★ CLEANS EASIER!
★ TESTS PROVE IT!

CHASES DIRT!

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The Red Centre

Continued from page 44

IT was still dark as the jeep drove along past the huddle of buildings. Out on the desert the air was now clearer and cooler. The stars were still not brilliant, but were not in so close. Martin could hear the sounds of motors being warmed up.

Dawn said quietly, "I hope you don't think I asked the colonel to try to make you change your mind, Mr. Stewart."

"Just for a minute," he grinned.

"I wouldn't want to do myself out of a job," she said. "I'd get annoyed now if you did change your mind."

"It's not likely to happen. You're set."

There was silence then, and Martin began thinking about rocket ships again. He shut his eyes after a while and pressed hard against the back of the seat, just pretending for a moment.

This was how it would be except that the speed would be tremendous as the rocket under the projection of the launching gear and its own jets threw off the anchor of inertia and hustled into the stratosphere bound for one of the planets.

It was in a sense good to open his eyes and see Dawn and Hammond and listen to the drone of the ordinary motors and to see the shape of the common aeroplane just ahead.

It was comforting to be back in the present with a sprawling corrugated-iron town, which was important only when the overland telegraph line was being built in the 'nineties, as a destination.

After the take-off, Martin fell asleep. When he opened his eyes the sun was up and there were gibber plains below with an overall mosaic of smooth boulders, small and large, to refract the sun's rays and provide a carnival of mirages.

The effect was like that of flying over a calm sea with cloud floating just above it and the horizon all round hazed by fog.

Hammond and Dawn had been talking, but Hammond looked across as Martin stirred.

"We're almost there, Stewart. Had a good sleep?"

It was warm in the plane already. Martin adjusted the ventilator over his seat, but the air was hot, too. He said, "I was a long way behind, but I've just about caught up now."

"Miss Storey and I have been discussing native nomenclature," Hammond said. "She thinks Oodnadatta is an Afghan name, not native. I settled for native. Have you any idea what it is?"

"Just by luck," Martin said, "I saw it in a book. It's the name the aborigines give to the mulga bloom, a golden yellow bottle-brush with a fine perfume. If you strike a patch of it after rain, it's something you don't forget."

Hammond grinned at Dawn. He said, "You won't find Oodnadatta like that. It's a dump with camels, Afghans, and goats."

In fifteen minutes the plane was losing height and Martin could see a utility truck standing on the landing-ground. When later they climbed into the truck as the plane flew north again it was like getting into an oven.

The driver was quiet. He grunted only when addressed, scowled at the track when silent. Dawn tried to talk to him, but gave it up. Martin took over from her; finally they talked between themselves and ignored him.

Martin said, "Hammond must be picking up a pretty important person at Darwin."

She gave him a warning look and said, "I haven't any idea who it is."

He hadn't meant anything and it was hot, especially with the three of them jammed into the front seat. He said almost testily, "I'm not interested in who it is. Don't think that."

But it was obvious that she had thought he was probing. He could see that while there was the faintest doubt about him, there would always be a suspicion about everything he said and did.

However, although it was there to prick and hurt him, it was useless to brood over it. He suggested, as the truck bounced over the track, "Let's get something straightened out about this Geiger-Muller counter. Does Connors think it was taken to be used?"

"That's what he thinks," Dawn said.

He asked bluntly, "Is that why you're going out with Steve? In the hope of crossing Holt's trail somewhere?"

"That's one reason."

"You're prepared to play long odds, aren't you?" he said.

He realised he had left himself open to a shot there, but she did not take advantage of it.

"I work it out this way, Mr. Stewart," she said. "One of the recognised advantages of the—of the range—" she gave him a meaning look and he knew she meant the rocket range— "—is that apart from natives, there aren't many people along its whole length who could hang around legitimately. But a prospecting party could."

MARTIN nodded. What Dawn had said certainly made sense. After a moment, she said, "There's the story, too, that planes are using the old strips to fly out gold. As—uh—this other stuff is more precious than gold they could fly that out too."

She paused, then added, "Actually, the operating centre of this traffic and the headquarters of those interested in the tests could be somewhere in the Centre. That's the way I've thought it out and I don't think I'd be far wrong."

"Maybe," he admitted. When put that way it sounded a likely set-up. He glanced at the driver. He was still scowling at the track.

"When *somebody is* operating in isolated spots," Dawn went on, " no one hears about it for months. But if you're moving around, you pick up bits of gossip from odd characters you share a billy of tea with and from the natives. So the only way to learn quickly what's going on is to move around."

"You think Holt's already back there?"

"I don't know. But he'll go there eventually."

It did Martin good to hear her talk that way about Holt again. Nobody without faith in his story would plan to go bush for so long. It amounted to a strong vote of confidence.

They passed a herd of goats and entered the township. The iron shimmered with heat and where the wash of white hadn't peeled the glare was almost unbearable. Heat came in waves from the road.

The truck stopped in front of a shanty "pub" and Martin got out and removed the luggage from the back. The driver stayed where he was and grunted when they thanked him. He drove off leaving them standing in the road.

Martin said, grinning, "The service now begins to fall off."

He had stayed at the hotel while Steve and Bill had outfitted for the trip. He knew his way around and he picked up an armful of Dawn's cases and his swag and marched inside.

In the hall was a huge man who rumbled, "I got your wire. There's two rooms you can have overnight at the back. Like some beer now?"

The rooms were bare and hot. Martin had to fetch the beer himself. It was cold and they drank it sitting on Dawn's bed.

They had twenty-four hours' to wait for their plane, and Martin looked around the bare room seeking inspiration. There wasn't much they could do in Oodnadatta but drink beer and try to sleep through the heat.

After lunch Dawn settled for reading. She had a book on geophysics she wanted to study. Martin went into his room and got on his bed and started to count the patterns in the pressed-iron ceiling. He ended by falling asleep.

It was five o'clock when he woke. He went and stood under the shower for fifteen minutes, but he was sweating worse when he came out. He dressed, went out into the streets, and leaned against a verandah-post, an outback custom.

The only traffic in the main street was a string of camels led by a turbaned Afghan. The camels looked poor and were snarling. Behind Martin in the bar two men were arguing about the bounty of dingo scalps. They were doggers and they were drunk. They started mildly and ended in heat and then started all over again.

Martin strolled down the street where the shade was deepest. In his old desert outfit he was no more conspicuous than the string of camels and the turbaned Afghan. He was a part of the scenery.

He paused outside another hotel and filled his pipe. The tobacco was dry and sparks dropped to the ground. The door of the hotel, flush to the street, stood open.

Inside was a brewer's advertisement painted on a mirror standing high on a solid pedestal. Beneath it, in the dim interior, Martin could see a pair of legs, one foot resting on the brass rail.

Because his mind was bored and idle, it seized on the spectacle and commenced to line up an association of ideas. Through the gloom of a night he had kept his eyes fixed on the lower part of a man's legs showing beneath the doctor's plane, like this.

The thought was sufficiently arresting to put him on the alert. He stayed where he was and watched.

Then the foot came off the rail and turned. The man was now standing with his back to the bar. The boots were dusty; beneath the dust they were black and they looked good. Above them were the cuffless bottoms of drill slacks with large oil stains.

Now that the man was facing his way there was a familiar look about the position of the feet in relation to the rather bowed lines of the lower limbs, and suddenly Martin was walking towards the mirror.

To be continued

The Family Scrapbook

By DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

MRS. PROTZMANN was proud of what she called her "record." More than once her friends had heard her say, "My oldest is 12 now, and I have never been away from the children night or day all that time."

The next-door neighbor had a different idea. "I love my kids as much as the next person," she said, "but I need a little time off now and then, otherwise I get a little crabby, and that's not good for me or the children."

There are a number of ways in which parents can desirably take time off from the children. When they are small, Dad may be willing to take over on Saturday or Sunday. Nursery-school experience for three or four hours a day is a good thing for most children (and for their mothers).

As children grow up, they can be on their own on occasions to give Mother and Dad a chance for fun. Sometimes relatives and friends fill in.

Parents' day off.

Nor should we parents feel guilty about getting away now and then. We'll do a better job when we return, and our youngsters will have the chance to be on their own—a definitely desirable experience in growing up.

All characters are fictitious.

VELVET SOAP saves costly linen replacements in this modern home

says Aunt Jenny

"You see, not a sign of weakness — and this tablecloth must be years old," said Mrs. Purnell, as she gathered in her spotlessly clean washing. She laughed. "And this schoolboy son of mine is a holy terror for making his shirts dirty, but with Velvet on the job I get wonderful wear from his clothes. Aunt Jenny, I'm convinced Velvet Soap is all you say. I've proved that Velvet-washed clothes actually do last longer."

When Aunt Jenny visited Mrs. Thelma Purnell, in her charming, modern home at 4 Makinson Street, Gladesville, N.S.W., she learned how this wise housewife is saving on housekeeping expenses. "With the high cost of new clothes and linens" said Mrs. Purnell, "I'm extra careful with the things I wash. I never have to rub hard with Velvet Soap — and that way my linens give me so much extra wear."

The china, glassware and silver gleamed in the cupboards as Aunt Jenny helped with the washing up in Mrs. Purnell's bright, modern kitchen. "Velvet's so good for every cleaning job," Mrs. Purnell said. "Look how these wonderful suds shift the grease from china. And Velvet's so gentle — this woolly of mine for instance, is washed in Velvet suds. Whenever I need soap, you'll find me using Velvet."

Pure, mild Velvet is so kind to your hands — so gentle to your clothes. Here's why clothes last longer

FABRICS WASHED WITH ORDINARY SOAPS — seen under a magnifying glass — look frayed and worn out because hard-rubbing is necessary with skimpy, inferior lather. And look how those weary-willy suds leave dirt ingrained in the weave.

FABRICS WASHED WITH VELVET SOAP — seen under a magnifying glass — stay strong as new, wash after wash because no hard-rubbing is needed — yet not a trace of dirt is left behind. Velvet's extra soapy suds are kind to the most delicate skin and gentle to your clothes, too!

Tune in every week to "FRED & MAGGIE EVERYBODY"

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PERRY MASON

by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

• Famous lawyer Perry Mason, his secretary, Della, and private detective Paul Drake are seeking the murderer of popular Pops O'Lean, who has been shot. Pops adopted Cricket, a waitress who is run over, and her brother, Tommy, who is suspected of the murder. The police find Tommy has a bad record. They ask him to take off his shoes.

TEENA

by Lilla Tang

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4875255

KNITTED MATCHMATES

MEN, both young and old, will like these comfortable sweaters which are knitted in a simple waffle pattern.

STYLED for father and son, these matching sweaters will provide extra warmth for winter, and may be knitted with or without sleeves. See directions on this page.

Man's sweater

Materials: 9 skeins "Twinprufe" Mothproof and Shrinkproof 3-ply fingering wool (this is the only wool which should be used); 1 pair each of Nos. 10, 12, and 13 knitting needles.

Abbreviations: P, purl; k, knit; patt., pattern; in., inches; sts., stitches; beg., beginning; rem., remain; cont., continue; dec., decrease or decreasing; alt., alternate.

Measurements: Length, 22 in.; chest, 38in.; sleeve seam, 19in.

Tension: 7½ sts. and 9½ rows to 1 square inch.

FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 128 sts., and work in k 2, p 2 rib for 3½in.

Next Row: Rib 16, (inc. in next st., rib 6) 15 times, inc. in next st., rib to end (144 sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and work patt. as follows:

1st Row: Knit.
2nd Row: Purl.
3rd Row: K 2, p 2 alt. to end of row.
4th Row: As 3rd row.
5th Row: Knit.
6th Row: Purl.
7th Row: P 2, k 2 alt. to end of row.
8th Row: As 7th row. These 8 rows form the patt. Rep. them until work measures 13½ in. from beg.

Shape Armholes: Cast off 9 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at both ends of next and every alt. row until 112 sts. rem. Cont. on these sts. until work measures 5in. from beg. of armhole shaping.

Next Row: Work in patt. across 46 sts., cast off 20, work in patt. to end. Proceed on each set of sts. as follows: Keeping patt. correct, dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next and every alt. row until 38 sts. rem. Cont. until work measures 8¾ in. from beg. of armhole shaping, finishing at armhole edge.

Shape Shoulder: Cast off 12 sts., work to end.

2nd Row: Work all across.
3rd Row: Cast off 13 sts., work to end.
4th Row: As 2nd row. Cast off.

Rejoin wool to rem. set of sts., and complete to match other half of front.

BACK

Work as for front until 13½ in. from beg. have been worked.

Shape Armholes: Cast off 9 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at both ends of next and every alt. row until 112 sts. rem. Cont. on these sts. until work measures 8¾in. from beg. of armhole shaping. Cast off.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 72 sts. and work in k 2, p 2 rib for 3in. Change to No. 10 needles and proceed in patt., inc. 1 st. at both ends of 3rd and every following 6th row until there are 116 sts. on needle; then every following 8th row until there are 126. Cont. on these until work measures 18½in. from beg.

Shape Top: Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows; 3 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows; 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows; then dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row until 30 sts. rem. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Using the No. 13 needles, cast on 164 sts. Work 10 rows of k 2, p 2 ribbing. Using a No. 10 needle, cast off in ribbing.

ARMHOLE BANDS

Sew up shoulders. Using No. 13 needles, and with right side of work towards you, pick up and k 160 sts. round each armhole and work 10 rows in a k 2, p 2 rib. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Omitting ribbing, press work on wrong side, using a warm iron and damp cloth. Join side seams. Join sleeve seams and sew in position. Join neckband, then pin cast on edge to neck edge of sweater, stretching slightly so that it fits neck edge. Oversew on wrong side, taking care not to draw the sts. too tightly.

Boy's sweater

(Size: 11 to 13 years.)

Materials: 6 skeins "Twinprufe" Mothproof and Shrinkproof 3-ply fingering wool; 1 pair each of Nos. 10 and 12 knitting needles.

Measurements: Length, 18 in.; chest, 30in.; sleeve seam, 15in.

Tension: As man's sweater.

FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 116 sts., and work in k 2, p 2 ribbing for 2½in. Change to No. 10 needles, and proceed in patt. as for man's sweater until work measures 11½in.

Shape Armholes: Cast off 7 sts. at the beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at both ends of next and every alt. row until 92 sts. rem. Work in patt. until work measures 2½in. from beg. of armhole shaping.

Next Row: Work in patt. across 36 sts., cast off 20, work in patt. to end. Proceed on each set of sts. as follows: Keeping patt. correct, dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next and every alt. row until 27 sts. rem. Cont. on these until work measures 6½in. from beg. of armhole shaping, finishing at armhole edge.

Shape Shoulder: Cast off 9 sts. at beg. of next and every alt. row until all sts. are cast off.

Rejoin wool to rem. 36 sts., and complete to match.

BACK

Work as instructions for front until armhole shaping is completed and 92 sts. rem. Cont. on these sts. until work matches front up to shoulder shaping.

Shape Shoulders: Cast off 9 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 56 sts., and work in k 2, p 2 rib for 3in. Change to No. 10 needles and proceed in patt., inc. 1 st. at each end of next and every following 4th row until there are 88 sts. on needle. Cont. on these until work measures 15in. from beg. Shape top. Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row until 68 sts. rem. Now dec. 1 st. at both ends of every alt. row until 34 sts. rem. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 124 sts., and work in k 2, p 2 ribbing for 1in. Cast off in rib with a No. 10 needle.

ARMHOLE BANDS

Sew up shoulders. With right side of work towards you, pick up and k 100 sts. round each armhole and work 1in. in k 2, p 2 rib. Cast off.

Make up as man's sweater.

"My husband's a different man!"

Thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids Read for yourself this woman's grateful letter. She writes:
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★ This is the first of a series of articles on practical home decoration by Joan Martin, who is well known in Sydney for her flair for interior decoration. Next week she will discuss the living-room.

Have a *Plan*

DECORATING or redecorating the home can be lots of fun, but is full of pitfalls for those who rush into it with wild enthusiasm but little commonsense.

Don't start on a furnishing spree without a plan. Consider well what you need as well as what you can afford, and don't be lured into buying furniture that is out of keeping or out of proportion. Don't buy large sofas and chairs if your room is small, and vice versa.

If you are one of those people with the talent and the patience required, shopping at junk shops and second-hand dealers can be most profitable. But finding the bargain is not all — you must visualise it in a definite place and guess how it will look when repainted or refinished.

What makes a room decorative or beautiful is not the amount of money spent on it so much as the appreciation of fine things and good taste of its owner. One truly lovely object can beautify an entire room—the same room would be ruined if overcrowded with ill-assorted decorative effects.

Successful decoration can be achieved by many simple methods—the arrangement of the furniture, the exquisite coloring of a beautiful picture, even the lighting cleverly used.

Pages could be written on the subject of flowers and their obvious contribution to the atmosphere of a room.

It is not necessary to spend a great deal on flowers; the simplest bunch of "home growns" in the right setting can give your room great charm.

Furnishing fabrics have never been lovelier than they are to-day, but, like most things, are so costly that extra care must be taken when making a choice to see that it is the best quality and the most practical.

Washable glazed chintzes are much in vogue and have the enormous advantage of looking well in a period or modern room, are hard-wearing, dustproof, and comparatively cheap.

Woven linen is extremely durable, washes or cleans perfectly, but in some rooms, especially the bedroom, can look rather heavy unless the color and design are particularly light.

Quite practical and lovely materials can be found among the dress fabrics. These often have just the subtle shade you have unsuccessfully searched for in the furnishing department—particularly in the attractive new cottons and muslins.

Before buying furniture or furnishings, be sure that you are quite satisfied with the room itself. If not, you should first do any remodelling, papering, or painting that may be necessary. Even if this may run away with much of the money you had planned to spend on other things, it is well worth economising elsewhere in order to begin properly.

Why continue to get along with dark woodwork when a coat or two of paint will give your room a more cheerful and up-to-date look?

Perhaps you have forgotten that old adage "first impressions count" and have paid little or no attention to the entrance hall.

An entrance, no matter how small, is worthy of far better than the usual accumulation of "white elephants" that find their way there.

The entire atmosphere of a house should be apparent when the door is opened—friendliness, warmth, and a feeling of welcome. Wallpaper even more than paint can achieve miracles in transforming a dark entrance.

Florals, stripes, or figured papers will give an immediate feeling of personality to the house, and as they are a furnishing in themselves you will need little else to clutter the hall.

A built-in closet, if that is possible, for coats and oddments, a table and chair, picture or mirror are all you should require.

If you have a very dark hall that defies all your efforts to brighten it, try substituting glass for the wooden panels of the front door.

It is not a costly job, but will answer your problem perfectly. A roller blind made of stiff, glazed chintz is attractive and could be pulled down for privacy when needed. It looks effective from the street, too!

SOME POINTS ON DECORATION

To add height to your window. The simplest way to do this is to place the rod above the window frame. This can be done by nailing small blocks of wood to the wall and flush with the frame to which they are also attached.

The rod is then fixed to the block, and both are concealed by a pelmet or ruffle.

The same principle applies when greater width is required, only this time the blocks are used on each side of the frame.

Don't be afraid to combine old and new furniture—carefully blended they are excellent companions.

Is all that furniture necessary? Have you ever tried taking everything out of the room, then replacing the furnishings slowly, one by one? You'll find you never put back all the things you took out.

Small rooms. Try painting the woodwork the same color as the wall—it will make it seem more spacious. If the room happens to be an attic, a small patterned wallpaper on the sloping sides AND roof will blot out the irregular lines.

Larger windows. Nothing has done more to modernise our homes than the lovely big windows in use now. But don't install a picture window unless the outlook IS a picture.

Books are an important part of any decorative scheme—plan for them. Where space is limited it may be possible to utilise odd nooks or crannies for bookshelves or place them behind the door. Books add personality to a room.

Plant stands are most attractive in some rooms and give a feeling of life. A few pots of ivy placed in a white metal stand are easy to care for and will substitute for flowers when they are prohibitive in price. Search the junk shops for more unusual stands.

Keep a notebook. If you are furnishing in a big way it is a good idea to have a medium-sized exercise book. This book will be invaluable, for in it you will jot down all your requirements, even to the smallest item, before embarking on your shopping expeditions.

Take your time, go from shop to shop gathering patterns of materials or carpets as you go.

Pin them into your book, at the same time making notes as to price, width, and quantity of materials available.

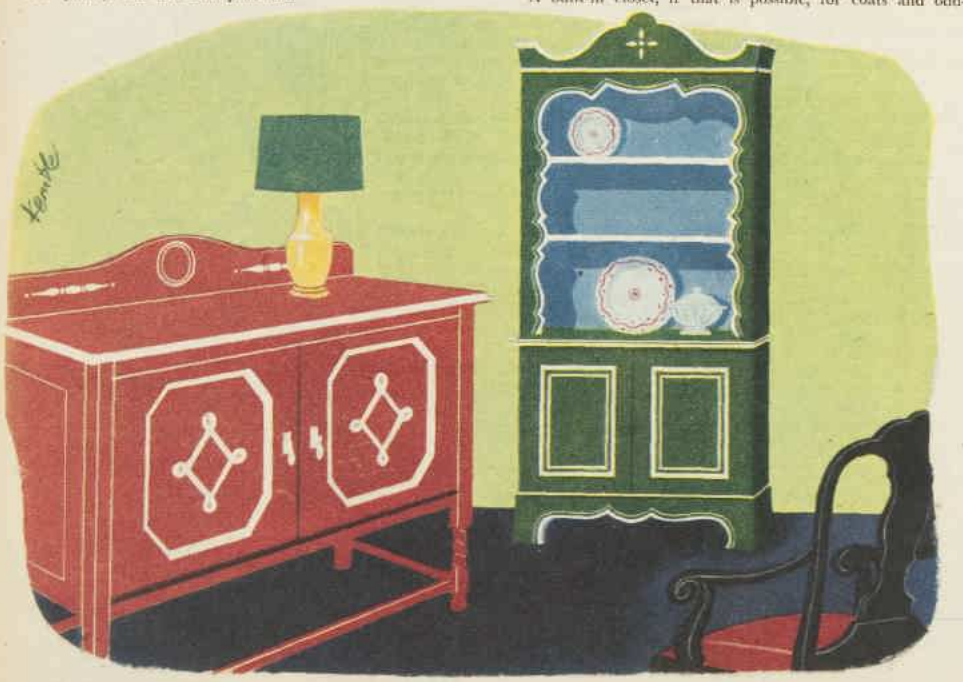
Noting the quantity is important, because you may find that after you have decided on a curtain or carpet the store may not have enough to satisfy your needs.

Color and accessories. If you are painting or papering the walls, include a color card or samples of paper in your "shopping book" so that you can try out various color schemes.

Don't buy accessories until you are quite sure of your decorative scheme. In fact, it is worth waiting till everything is installed before deciding.

So often the finished room calls for an unexpected touch of color or a strong dash of white to give it dramatic interest.

Lampshades, cushions, ornaments, or pictures are the perfect medium.



MADE-OVER FURNITURE has wonderful possibilities, especially when striking color effects are used. Small pieces, mouldings, and knobs painted white are good for dramatic contrast. So are two strong colors used on the one piece of furniture—for example, the dresser. Be prepared to experiment.

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PAINT AND IMAGINATION have done wonders with this entrance hall. Even the homely hatstand is decorative when painted white and the green plant is most effective against the pink walls. All these pieces of furniture could be procured very inexpensively by diligently searching second-hand and junk shops. Growing plants indoors is not difficult. Old furniture, especially if it has been varnished, must be carefully sand-papered before painting to ensure a professional finish to the job.

WALLPAPER is back in fashion. Browse through the pattern books available at stores that sell it, and it is certain that you will have the urge to use it somewhere. Paper may go on one wall, on all walls, on the ceiling, and even the furniture. There are few limits to the way it can be used by the imaginative home decorator.

+ + +

COLOR is your strongest ally. Choose it carefully and it will alter the entire look and feel of a room. Inspiration can come quite simply. Your favorite rug, your most treasured ornament may suggest the perfect color scheme.

+ + +

PERHAPS you have an old-fashioned brick fireplace. Don't let it spoil the look of the room when a coat of paint will improve and modernise it. Bookshelves are not merely a utility item. They are a splendid color asset in a room.

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Lazy day recipes

BIRD'S NEST SALAD for luncheon or week-end tea. The "eggs" are made from cottage cheese moulded around "yolks" of whole dates. Carrot straws make the "nests."

Recipes on this page were selected because they involve little work, because some preparation may be made in advance, or because they come under the heading of "cooking for fun" and are the type of recipe you will enjoy trying on a lazy day.

NOVELTY bird's nest salads are decorative for a luncheon or children's party.

Try them with a thick slice of pineapple and tomato in the bottom of each "nest."

All spoon measurements are level.

BIRD'S NEST SALAD

Lettuce leaves, carrot straws, cottage cheese, milk, dates, salt, pepper, freshly chopped parsley.

Cover carrot straws with boiling salted water, simmer until just tender. If carrots are very young and fresh the straws may be used raw and dropped into iced water to crisp before using. Soften cottage cheese with milk, season with salt and pepper. Using a whole date as a "yolk," mould cottage cheese around the dates, making small egg-shapes. Coat lightly with chopped parsley. Chill until cheese is firm again. Cover individual serving plates with lettuce leaves, make a "nest" of carrot pieces, fill each "nest" with three "eggs." Serve with fairy bread.

COCONUT AND ORANGE CAKE

Half-cup shortening, ¾ cup sugar, grated rind of 1 small orange, 2 eggs, 2 cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2-3rd cup orange juice, ½ cup desiccated coconut, orange-flavored warm icing, toasted coconut.

Cream shortening, sugar, and orange rind. Add egg-yolks, mix well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with orange juice and coconut. Lastly fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites. Turn into greased 8in. square or round tin, bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. (electric) 50 to 60 minutes. Allow to stand in tin 10 minutes before turning on to cake-cooler. When cold cover with orange warm icing, and coat with toasted coconut.

PINEAPPLE MOUSSE

One cup crushed pineapple, 2 tablespoons sugar, 12 marshmallows, 1 tablespoon water, 1½ cups medium thickness custard (made with custard powder if liked), ¼ pint cream.

Simmer pineapple gently for 10 minutes with the sugar. Turn into a basin, allow to become cold. Into same saucepan place marshmallows and water, melt over hot water. Cool, fold in custard, lightly whipped cream, and cold pineapple. Turn into refrigerator trays, freeze until firm.

FRIED HAWAIIAN SANDWICH

Half-cup mashed banana, 3oz. cottage cheese, 1 cup crushed drained pineapple, ¼ cup chopped walnuts, 8 slices bread, ¼ cup milk, 1 egg, pinch salt, margarine or butter for frying, parsley.

Mix mashed banana, cottage cheese, pineapple, and walnuts. Make 4 sandwiches with this filling, using square sandwich bread if possible. It is not necessary to butter the bread. Cut each sandwich in halves diagonally. Beat egg well, mix with milk and salt. Dip each sandwich into the egg mixture, drain. In shallow pan melt a small quantity of margarine or butter. Fry sandwiches until lightly browned on both sides. Lift out on to clean kitchen paper, keep hot while others are being cooked. Serve hot garnished with parsley.

CABBAGE AU GRATIN

Three tablespoons good shortening, 4 tablespoons flour, 1½ cups milk, salt and pepper to taste, 4 cups cooked cabbage, 1 rasher chopped cooked bacon or ham (or more if possible), 1½ cups soft breadcrumbs mixed with ¾ cup grated cheese, extra shortening or butter.

Melt shortening, add flour, cook 2 or 3 miutes without browning. Stir in milk, continue stirring until boiling. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Fold in cabbage and bacon or ham. Turn into greased ovenware dish, top with breadcrumbs and cheese, dot with shortening or butter. Bake in moderate oven until browned on top. Serve with grilled or crumbed foods.

BANANA TOAST

Three ripe bananas, good pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon butter, slices of dry toast.

Mash bananas with a fork, add salt, sugar, lemon juice, and butter. Mix evenly, spread over toast. Place in hot oven for five minutes. Serve hot as a quick dessert with cream or custard.

THIRST QUENCHER

Four oranges, 2 heaped tablespoons chopped pineapple, 2 passionfruit, 2 tablespoons castor sugar, ice, ginger ale, and lemonade.

Squeeze oranges and strain juice. Place in quart-size jug with passionfruit pulp, pineapple, and sugar. Stir until sugar is dissolved. Chill thoroughly. Just before serving add ¾ cup chipped ice and fill jug with equal parts ginger ale and lemonade.

GUESSWORK DOESN'T PAY

THE cook who scoffs at weighing or measuring ingredients either through intuition or practice is a good guesser or she guesses wrongly.

In the former case her results stand some chance of being as good as those of cooks who use measures. In the latter case she is likely to be heard complaining about her stove!

When measuring for American recipes remember the American tablespoon holds only as much as a standard dessertspoon. Another point—all spoon measurements given in American recipes refer to level spoons.

Spoon measurements in recipes on these pages always refer to level spoons because the level spoonful is most accurate.

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says **Betty King**

noted Home Economist of World Brands Pty. Ltd.

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If you are not completely satisfied with Continental, send the empty packet to me, Betty King, and I'll refund your full purchase price.

Budget-saving MOCHA NUT CAKE uses only 1 egg

It's so easy on the budget. This cake — like all cakes made with Copha is thrifty because Copha is the most economical shortening you can use. Less Copha is needed than other shortenings — and that alone saves money. So easy to use, too — you just "Melt'n'Mix" with Copha!

1 EGG MOCHA NUT CAKE

★ No egg beating ★ Only one mixing bowl
★ No creaming ★ Simply Melt'n'Mix with Copha

Ingredients: 2 ozs. Copha, 4 ozs. sugar, 5 ozs. self-raising flour, 1 level tablespoon cocoa, 1 dessertspoon coffee essence, 1 oz. mixed nuts, ½ level teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 egg, 5 tablespoons milk.

Preparation: Grease a 7" layer pan. Place sugar, egg, vanilla essence, salt and half sifted flour and cocoa in a mixing bowl.

Now Melt: Place Copha in a small saucepan, chop roughly and melt over gentle heat. It should be *barely warm not hot* — test with your fingertip. Add measured milk and coffee essence to melted Copha.

And Mix: Pour Copha and milk onto ingredients in mixing bowl. Beat with a rotary beater for 5 minutes. Add remaining flour and nuts and beat 1 minute longer.

Place in prepared tin and bake in a moderate oven, 350°F gas, 30-35 minutes. Frost when cold with Chocolate Frosting.

'Tween-season Dessert Idea for only pennies a serve

It's times like these that hearty nourishing food is so necessary. And dessert making is easy, tastes good when you follow simple Mellah recipes like this (Mellah's good however it's served — hot or cold — in a pie — with fruit and *it costs only pennies a serve!*)

CHOCOLATE SNOWDROP

Ingredients: 1 packet of Mellah Dessert (Chocolate flavour), 1 pint milk, Cream or ice cream, chopped nuts.

Make Mellah as directed on packet. Pour while hot into dessert glasses or individual dishes. Cool. Garnish with cream or ice cream, nuts, etc.

Kiddies leave the table well-fed when you finish the meal with Mellah. Youngsters are like fast-running engines that must be kept well stoked with fuel. Mellah dessert replenishes energy, supplies nourishment because it's made with milk. Serve Mellah and they leave the table satisfied and nourished.

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You may not have been born with a silver spoon in your mouth, but you probably cut your teeth on one. Later it was a spoon, remember, that enabled you to take jam with those nasty powders. And ever since, and every day and many times a day, you have depended upon a spoon. Isn't that proof enough that spoons are meant to last a lifetime! And so they will, even plated spoons, with a little kindness and the proper care.

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Readers' prize recipes

FISH FILLETS develop a new flavor when cooked in a spicy sauce as suggested in the main prize-winning recipe this week. Garnish with lemon and parsley.

THIS WEEK'S WINNERS

- **Spiced fish**
- **Onion pudding**
- **Coffee whirls**
- **Almond crisps**

THE recipe for spiced fish provides a rich and unusual way of serving fish fillets, and it wins our £5 prize this week.

A pleasing feature of the fish dish is the spicy sauce resembling the sweet and sour sauce used in Chinese dishes.

Another recipe which will tantalise the taste is the savory onion pudding.

Almond-flavored finger biscuits and coffee biscuit whirls will both be good for afternoon tea, supper, or after-school snacks for the children. Both these biscuit recipes require only one egg.

All spoon measurements are level.

SPICED FISH FILLETS

Two pounds fish fillets, 1 cup water, few peppercorns, ½ teaspoon each of salt, mixed spice, cinnamon, and cloves, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 2 tablespoons shortening, 3 tablespoons vinegar, chopped parsley.

Bone, skin, and wash fish, place in saucepan with water, bring to boiling point. Tie peppercorns, cloves, salt, spice, cinnamon, cayenne, and sugar in a piece of muslin. Add to water with fish. Simmer 15 minutes. Remove fillets carefully, place in greased ovenproof dish. Remove spice bag from liquid. Blend cornflour with a little extra cold water, stir in fish liquor with shortening. Stir and bring to boiling point, add vinegar. Pour over fish, place lid on and bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. Remove lid for last 5 minutes. Garnish with lemon and parsley.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Tree, Union St., Coraki, Richmond River, N.S.W.

COFFEE WHIRLS

Eight ounces self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2oz. sugar, 2oz. shortening, 1 egg-white, 1 scant cup milk.

Filling: One egg-yolk, 1 teaspoon coffee essence, 1 cup sugar.

Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening, add sugar. Beat egg-white slightly, add milk. Fold into dry ingredients, making stiff dough. Knead slightly on floured board, roll to ¼in. thickness. Prepare filling. Beat egg-yolk with coffee essence. Stir in sugar, spread over dough. Roll up, cut into rings about ¼in. thick. Place on greased tray. Bake in hot oven approximately 15 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. Store in airtight tin.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. B. A. Quinn, c/o Warrabullen P.O., via Innisfail, Nth. Qld.

SAVORY ONION PUDDING

Half pound onions, 1 tablespoon fat, salt and pepper, 3 slices bread (crusts removed), shortening, ½ cup grated cheese, 2 eggs, 1 pint milk.

Chop peeled onions. Fry gently in fat 10 minutes without browning. Grease an ovenproof dish, place half onions in base. Season with salt and pepper. Spread bread slices with shortening. Cover two slices with grated cheese and balance of onion. Cut into fingers, place on onions in dish. Top with remaining slice of bread cut into fingers. Beat eggs, add milk, season. Pour into dish, stand in tray of cold water. Bake in very moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes, until custard is set. Garnish with parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. M. Smith, 171 Oxford St., Bulimba, Brisbane.

ALMOND FINGER CRISPS

Eight ounces self-raising flour, pinch salt, 4oz. shortening, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 2 or 3 tablespoons cold water.

Topping: One egg-white, 4oz. icing-sugar, almonds.

Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening, add sugar. Mix to stiff dough with egg-yolk beaten with water. Knead slightly, roll thinly. Mix unbeaten egg-white with sifted icing-sugar, spread over biscuit mixture. Sprinkle with chopped blanched almonds. Cut into fingers, place on greased oven tray. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler, store in airtight tin.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Griffiths, Modewarre P.O., Vic.

COFFEE WHIRL biscuits are simple to prepare, and economical. Stored in an airtight tin, they will keep crisp. See consolation prize-winning recipe.

In the home for a LIFETIME

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YOUNG Garry Gray of Bentleigh, Victoria, had his first riding lesson at 14 months. Now, at 2, he's a seasoned rider at the horse shows. His mother says, "Garry loves horses, nearly as much as he does Vegemite. He has had Vegemite at least once a day for 18 months, and I know it helps to keep him so well and strong." Vegemite is the concentrated yeast extract, richer in Vitamin B_1 than any other yeast extract manufactured and sold in Australia. Vegemite's delicious, economical too! Made by Kraft.

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24 FOR 1/6 · 100 FOR 4/9

AN ELEGANT evening bag like this is smart for dining or dancing. Directions and the materials required for making are given below.

An evening bag you can make

This attractive bag, made on a metal frame, is smart and convenient for evening.

A MADE sequin motif can be used for the trimming or the bag can be finished with colorful beading or embroidery.

Here is how to make it:

Materials: ¼yd. velvet, crepe, or any suitable material, 36in. wide; ¼yd. 36in. wide taffeta for interlining; ¼yd. contrasting or matching material for lining, 36in. wide; sequin motif; metal frame, 5¼in. long and 2in. deep.

Allow ½in. seams all round when cutting out.

Draw and mark patterns from the diagram below, making each square equal 1 square inch. The arrows mark the straight grain of the material and the dotted line marks the fold; the spots mark the positions for joining the gussets to the main section, the broken line marks the position of the pocket in the lining, and the small square marks the centres of the gussets.

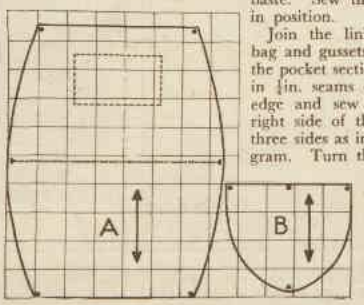
Cut pattern A in three pieces, one in velvet or the fabric used, one in interlining, and one in lining material. Cut pattern B (the gussets) in 6 pieces, 2 in main fabric, 2 in lining, and 2 in interlining. For the pocket cut one piece of lining material, 4in. long and 3½in. wide.

Baste the three interlining pieces to corresponding sections in main fabric. With the right side together, edges even, and the spots matching, baste the gusset sections into position and machine-stitch; turn right side out.

Make half-inch turnings along top edges of the main section and the gussets, and baste. Sew the sequin motif in position.

Join the lining pieces for bag and gussets together. Fold the pocket section in half, turn in ½in. seams on double raw edge and sew in position to right side of the lining along three sides as indicated in diagram. Turn the seam allowance on top edge of lining to the wrong side and baste.

Fit and sew lining into the bag, case top of bag to frame, sew securely all round.



THESE TWO DIAGRAMS are all you need for patterns for the bag.

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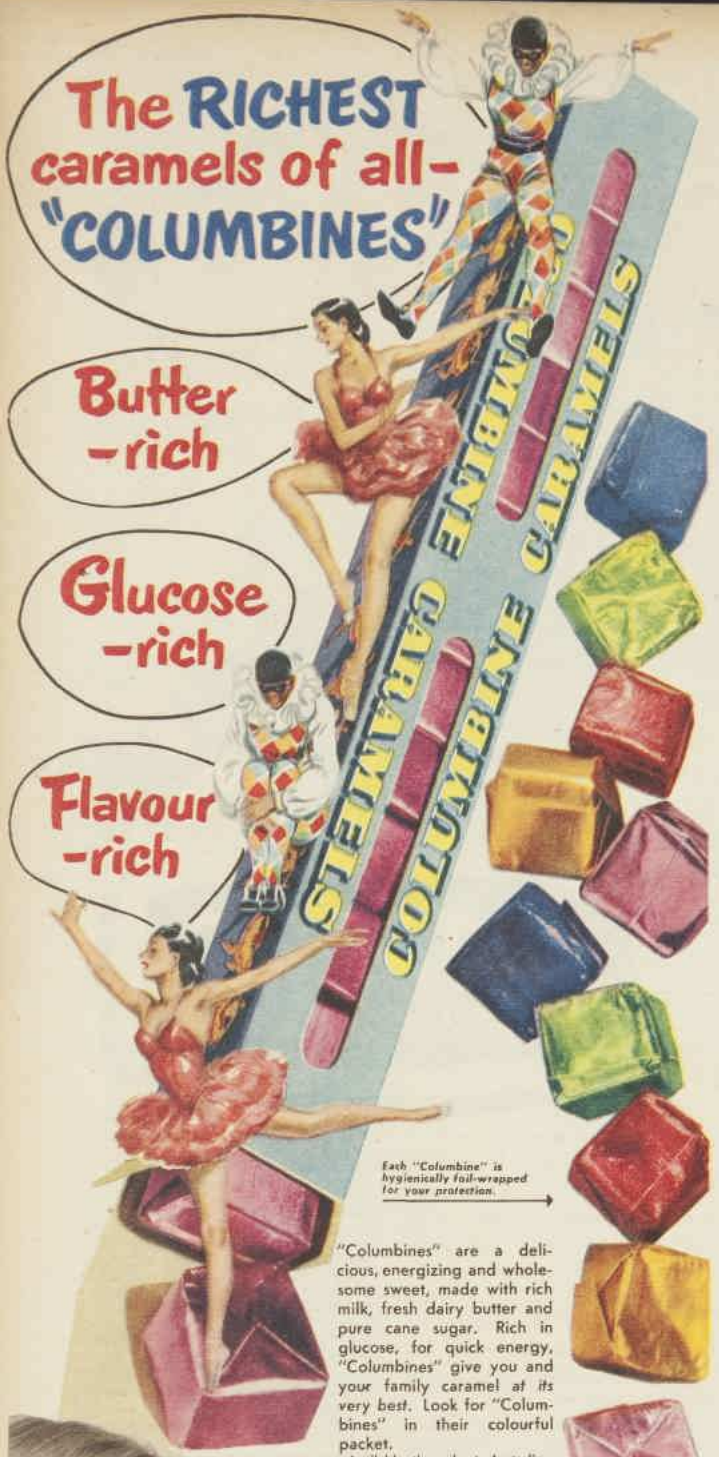

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PRINCESS NARDA: Set out to solve the mystery of the trees in a gigantic forest. According to the natives, no one who enters comes out alive. When Narda and Lothar disappear, Mandrake purposely jumps into the trap to find them. He is hauled into the air and discovers a village set high in the trees. Men with curious bat-like costumes glide about while Mandrake watches. NOW READ ON:

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 206.—DUCHESSE SET

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No. 207.—BREAKFAST CLOTH AND MATCHING SERVIETTES

The set is obtainable in check cotton. The color choice includes yellow, white, and black; red, white, and black; green, white, and black; and blue, white, and black. The cloth measures 48in. x 48in.; serviettes, 11in. x 11in. The applique motifs are traced ready to embroider. Price: Cloth, 19/11. Postage and registration, 1/10 extra. Serviettes, 1/3 each. Postage, 3d. extra.

No. 208.—SMALL GIRL'S NIGHTGOWN

The nightgown is obtainable cut out ready to make in a printed wincey-ette. The color choice includes white, pale pink, and blue grounds, printed in a pretty floral design. Sizes: Length, 29in., for 3 years, 13/3; 31in., for 3 years, 14/9; 33in., for 4 years, 15/11; 37in., for 5 to 6 years, 16/11. Postage and registration, 1/10 extra.

No. 209.—ONE-PIECE DRESS

The dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in check cotton zephyr. The color choice includes blue and white, red and white, and green and white. Sizes: 32in. and 34in. bust, 31/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 35/11. Postage and registration, 2/9 extra.

Fashion PATTERNS

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F6766.—A pretty nightgown has a gracefully full skirt and bertha collar made in lace. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3¾yds. 36in. material, ¾yd. 36in. lace. Price, 4/6.

F6800.—Formal evening dress designed with a flattering portrait neckline and wide skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 8½yds. 36in. material. Price, 4/6.

F6813.—Quilted bed-jacket styled on snugly tailored lines. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 1¾yds. 36in. material, plus 1½yds. 36in. lining. Price, 2/6.

F6814.—Smart one-piece has a shaped, pleated front panel. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6.

F6815.—Winter suit has nipped waisted jacket and slim skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6.

Fashion Patterns may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 3960, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post. Send orders for Needlework Notions (note prices) to address given on this page.

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